# THE LIVING AGE

FOUNDED 1844 BY E. LITTELL

Published under the auspices of
the Atlantic Monthly

SATURDAY, JUNE 14, 1924

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THE LIVING AGE COMPANY

PUBLICATION OFFICE: RUMFORD BUILDING, CONCORD, N.H.

EDITORIAL OFFICE: 8 ARLINGTON STREET, BOSTON 17, MASS.

$5.00 a Year 15c a Copy

*Entered as second-class mail matter at Concord, N. H.*
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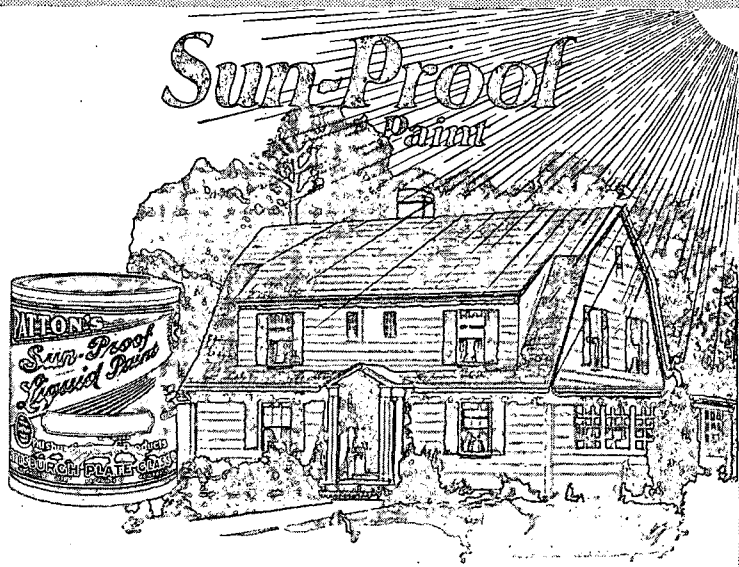


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# THIS WEEK

THE Japanese publicist who urges us to drop all hypocrisy on the immigration problem must be trying to enter Heaven by the back door. It may be more blessed to give than to receive such advice, but it is certainly impossible to follow it.

* * *

Slowly and painfully the idea is dawning on Europe that the solitary purpose of the United States is not to provide a pleasant haven for persecuted and philoprogenitive foreigners. Mr. O. Malagodi states our case to the Italian public with a good deal more sense and sympathy than the sensitive Japanese have shown.— or our own refined Senators.

* * *

The Russians have no illusions as to who has been getting the best of it. They have beaten the Capitalist Powers in the field and they are now gaining recognition, although the whole civilized world was assured some years ago that the Bolsheviki were nothing but a bunch of murderers who were openly degrading the democratic dogma.

* * *

The Peruvian burro — a stoical philosopher of the first water — is the subject of a delightful essay that may well serve as a model to all writers of natural history. This amazing animal carries haystacks on his back without a whimper, but when left to himself he brays at the Universe.

* * *

'A Glimpse of Glengariff' is an Irish sketch written by a lady in that whimsical style peculiar to our learned competitor, the *Atlantic Monthly*.

* * *

'The Baker's Cart' is an admirable little story of domestic life done in the best modern manner. It shows the jovial selfishness of the father defeating the mother's anæmic instinct for martyrdom in a struggle for the affection of their youngest daughter.

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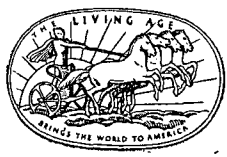
VOL. 321 — *JUNE 14, 1924* — NO. 4171




## A WEEK OF THE WORLD

### COPEC

BRITISH newspapers thus christened the Conference on Christian Politics, Economics, and Citizenship at Birmingham last April. This Conference, which was complimented by the press with the adjective 'historic,' occupied itself chiefly discussing a report upon previous investigations extending over a wide field, submitted in a bulky volume entitled *Politics and Citizenship*. The debates and resolutions were front-page matter in the newspapers during the week the delegates were in session. Unemployment, drink, birth control, the death penalty, class relations, Church and State — indeed all the great themes of Christian citizenship received attention. Some radicalism developed, which elicited from a friendly Conservative daily the warning to 'keep within the bounds of the practical.' Canon Donaldson thus summarized the pledges taken by the 1200 delegates, in the London Labor organ, the *Daily Herald:* —

*Education* is to know 'something of everything, and everything of something'; this culture must be accessible to every child; our schooling is grossly inadequate and our teaching too restricted; schools and colleges must be open to all, without distinction of class; religious instruction must be provided for all children whose parents desire it for them.

*Politics* is the science and the art of public life, and transcends all party manipulations and narrowness; politics is not a 'game,' but the means by which nations are seeking emancipation toward a 'divine order'; every Christian is bound not to stand aloof; the influence of the press must be chastened and exalted above mere financial considerations, and its power for party purposes, and 'doping' the people, must be curbed.

*Industry and Commerce* are badly based and ill-organized; their motive must be service, not self-enrichment; the means not competition, but coöperation; the end not the making of money, but the making of life.

These resolutions constitute an indictment of our social system and make for a socialistic community of interest, and a revolutionary transformation of our present industrial order. The Conference laid it down that there are no absolute 'rights of property'; that the first charge upon industry is the welfare of the laborer therein; that the present extremes of wealth and poverty are 'intolerable' to the conscience of all men of good-will, and must be removed by a just distribution of wealth.

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The 'spirit of imperialism' was condemned; 'patriotism' must be extended to justice for other nations; the sharing of raw and other materials was urged as a means to, and a necessary part of, international fellowship; there must be no 'exploiting' of native labor among less-advanced peoples, and minorities in any nation must have their rights justly safeguarded.

*War* is contrary to the mind of Christ; arbitration is essential; conscientious objectors must be protected; and churches should cultivate assiduously international fellowship.

*Class distinction* encourages family selfishness, sets up false standards, and confuses function with worth. Comfortable homes are essential for family life, to check bad health, excessive mortality, and immorality, and to provide for culture and education.

On the sex problem there was, as in the case of 'War,' some division of opinion, and one felt that on these questions and on that of capital punishment the delegates had not all thoroughly thought out the subjects.

This reporter, evidently a partisan of the political party now in power, was impressed, as he 'sat for days and listened to the proceedings,' with 'how much we Christians owe to the idealism of the Labor movement'; for 'on almost every point the Conference reproduced the ethics which for a generation the Labor Party has proclaimed as the only true basis of social and personal life.'

Quite naturally the Tory *English Review* preached a long sermon to the Conference on its pacifist errors and radical heresies.

Almost simultaneously with the Copec meeting, a symposium appeared in *The Nation and the Athenæum* upon the theses laid down by Mr. Lloyd George in a letter, syndicated in the United States, upon Great Britain's economic conditions and prospects. The ex-Premier pointed out that England's exports are now only three quarters their amount before the war in volume; and that prices of Great Britain's imports and raw materials are only 50 per cent higher than in 1914, while the prices of her exports are 90 per cent above the pre-war level. Meanwhile the cost of living has gone up 78 per cent. Since 1913 the national income has fallen, according to various estimates, from 5 to 13 per cent. Meanwhile the population has increased; so the per capita income has declined even more than this. Nevertheless, the nation is endeavoring to maintain a higher standard of living than before.

Sir William Beveridge anticipates a gradual improvement as labor diverted during the war to the munitions trades is slowly reabsorbed into other occupations, and does not consider the country's present distress a herald of national decay; but he sees no prospect that England will ever again enjoy 'the easy riches of Victorian days.'

The prosperity of a State depends at bottom on two things — the natural resources of its territory and the national character of its people. The natural resources of Britain are certainly not greater than those of many other parts of the world. We prospered exceedingly in the Victorian Age and became a numerous people simply because we were the first to exploit our coal and iron fully. But we had lost the temporary advantage of that early start on our natural resources even before Victoria went. Whether in future a sufficient share of the better-paid work of the world, in industry, transport trade, and finance, will fall to be done in Britain, so as to maintain in prosperity our present and prospective population, depends on the efficiency of that population and on little else — that is to say, upon the abilities of our people and how we use them. Prosperity in future can only be secured by working for it — by working harder or at least more effectively, more scientifically, more harmoniously, than others; it will not fall into our laps as of old.

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Professor Bowley takes issue with the optimistic claim that recent reductions in the hours of labor and other improvements in working conditions have increased the output of operatives. Nor does he think that mechanical development, better organization, and the elimination of waste have increased production in the trades as a whole, including 'an infinity of small industries and agriculture,' sufficiently to compensate for new factors tending to lower labor output.

Unemployment is rated the central factor in Great Britain's immediate economic problem. It is due not only to the friction and delays incidental to transferring labor from war industries to peace industries, and to the decline in foreign trade resulting from the political and economic chaos of Europe and lowered world consumption, but also to higher costs of production in Great Britain herself. 'We are charging more for our exports, although the position of the workers engaged in making them has become so unfavorable as compared with others as to constitute one of the most formidable sources of unrest.' England is witnessing the same wage-contrasts that we see in the United States — for instance, between the low weekly incomes of part-time textile operatives and the high earnings of regularly employed building mechanics.

Professor Bowley thinks the burden of overpopulation — if it actually exists — is on the way to be remedied.

> The reduction in the number of births in Great Britain since 1903 is already resulting in a falling number of recruits to the labor market, and from the time that the diminished numbers of children born during the war come to work — that is, in 1930 — there will be no increase of any importance in the number of persons to be employed.

Lord Weir, discussing the same general question in the *Times*, brings out the disturbing fact that Great Britain's 'wealth-producing performance to-day is approximately 16 per cent poorer than in 1913, and we have about 1,750,000 additional mouths to feed. It is obvious that if less wealth is produced there is less to share and that the standard of living must suffer. But the incidence of the decline in the standard of living has not been equal.'

*

### DRY FINLAND

A. Daudé-Bancel, *Chancelier de la section française de l'ordre des Bons Templiers*, who recently visited Finland as a member of an international delegation composed of representatives of the total abstainers' societies of the United States and several European countries, pronounces prohibition a success there. He relates in detail how several members of the party slipped away from their official entertainers, and — purely by way of sociological study, of course — went on what we should call a gumshoe hunt for a drink. Either because their identity was suspected, or because the law is really very well enforced, their quest was uniformly fruitless. An Italian delegate, professing sudden illness, seemed upon the point of succeeding. The café proprietor to whom he applied for medical relief showed premonitory signs of compassion, but his wife promptly vetoed his dawning Samaritan impulse. At Viborg, a seaport of sixty thousand people and a great meeting-place for Baltic Sea sailors, the arrests for drunkenness of all nationalities average only ten a day, and the percentage of alcoholics in public institutions is only three per thousand, as compared with 333 per thousand in Paris. Among the experiences of the investigator was the following: —

> On the steamer which took us from Savonlinna to Kuopio I noticed a number

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of ladies and children eating with great relish little oblong grains of some kind. My curiosity impelled me to pick up one of the empty boxes, and I discovered that the Finlanders had been indulging in raisins. But they were not, as you might imagine, French raisins or, better still, North African raisins, or even those from Spain, Italy, or Greece. Not at all. They were raisins, seeded by machinery, from California!

✽

GAELIC IN THE IRISH SCHOOLS

At a Clare County Council meeting one of the members, Mr. James D. Kenney, B.L., protested against an additional appropriation of £350 for the salary of a sixth permanent Irish teacher in the County on the ground that, to quote the report in the Dublin *Weekly Freeman*,—

the giving of salaries to Irish teachers was making a 'graft' of the Irish language for the benefit of a certain number of *muinteori*, who put the language into a book, put the book on a shelf, and left it there, the result being that nobody spoke the native language. When he was a boy Irish was the common vehicle of thought in his district, but it had now practically died out, specifically because of the operations of English. The men who were now starting to teach Irish were only teachers of English in another form, more or less. Instead of paying a salary to people not speaking the language, but conveying a little of it to somebody else through the medium of English, he suggested the money be applied to the formation of a society in Clare that would devote itself to the talking of Irish.

'In the name of Heaven,' he added, 'what is the use of having the language stuck into books to which nobody pays any attention except as a matter of curiosity?'

At present, if he spoke to an old fellow in his native place in the Irish language he would be answered in English.

The proponent of the motion, Captain John D. Moloney, admitted that 'a lot of people who claim to be Irish speakers do not speak a word of the language when they meet face to face.' The purpose of his motion, which was finally adopted, was to provide a teacher to teach the teachers.

✽

THE FLIGHT FROM THE LAND IN FRANCE

The strength of France has traditionally resided in her economic self-sufficiency, which she owes to her freehold peasantry and small artisan class. Only since the war and the recovery of Alsace-Lorraine has she shown a marked tendency to become a big-industry country in the modern sense. Is this transformation sapping her older sources of vitality? M. Pierre Caziot, an official in the Ministry of Agriculture, thinks it is. Since the war population has been moving from the farms to the cities much as it has in the United States; and in France, contrary to our experience, this has been accompanied by a marked decline in the cultivated area. Former fields are being turned into grassland, apparently because mechanical agriculture, — that is, wholesale farming with tractors and modern machinery, — does not succeed in the small fields of Europe as well as it does on our Western prairies.

Motor culture, which became so much in vogue after the war, has subsequently declined. Machinery may to some extent assist and facilitate manual labor, but can never replace it, and plays a very secondary part. The exodus from the land is inexorably leading to the ascendancy of pasturage, a change similar to that which took place in England toward the middle of the last century.

The rapid decline of the number of farmers does not admit of cultivating the land as formerly. Agricultural is gradually being converted into pastoral land, the poorer quality being left fallow. More meat is produced, but less corn and sugar beets,

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nor does the extra supply of live stock appear on the markets, as it is being used for reproduction and the increase of the flocks and herds. In some districts, such as the Beauce, wheat is still grown, and in the plains of the North the alternations of wheat and beets check, at least, a complete decline; but in the East, Centre, and West one is struck by the rapid encroachments of pasturage on arable land. This is notably the case in Normandy.

No other country devotes so large a fraction of its cultivated area to wheat as does France. Yet, in spite of a vigorous propaganda in favor of this crop, it is steadily declining. The country has imported upon an average nearly 16,000,000 hundredweight of wheat a year since the war, as compared with less than 2,500,000 hundredweight before 1914.

✻

MORE RAILS ACROSS AMERICA

THIS time it is South America. Nelson Rounsevell, a staff correspondent of the Lima *West Coast Leader*, says: 'It is doubtful if any other 125 miles of railway on the Western Continent is of as great importance internationally as the link being built to connect the railways of Bolivia with those of the Argentine.' As yet there is but one railway connection between the Atlantic and the Pacific south of the Canal Zone — the route through the Andes from Argentina to Chile. The link under construction will give the Argentine railway network a direct outlet to the Chilean port of Antofagasta, to the whole Bolivian railway system and Arica, and, with a short ferryage across Lake Titicaca, to the railways of southern Peru. It will make La Paz, until lately as isolated as it was when the Spaniards founded it nearly four centuries ago, one of the most important railway centres in South America, and the terminus of four great international systems.

The new line, which it is expected will be open for traffic next year, will have an advantage over the existing road across the Andes in being free from snow, although its entire length lies between 9500 and 14,000 feet above the sea level. It is being built by American contractors.

✻

MINOR NOTES

AMONG the ironical results of the French election will be the appearance in the Chamber of Mr. Charles Hueber, a Communist deputy from the Bas-Rhin, Secretary of the Metal Workers Union, who does not know a word of French, and boasted from the platform during the campaign that when elected he would address the deputies in German.

*Young India*, Mr. Gandhi's personal organ, contains in the issue of April 13 an article by C. F. Andrews accusing Mr. John Campbell, Adviser for India at the League of Nations Assembly, of representing in altogether too favorable a light the handling of the opium question by that country. Presumably he would take exception to the article by Mr. Campbell published in the *Living Age* of February 23. Mr. Andrews states that the average opium-revenue of India exceeds £4,000,000, and that the export traffic in this drug with Far Eastern ports 'is clearly neither medicinal nor scientific.'

EARLY in May the last bale of wool belonging to the British Government was sold in Liverpool, thus ending a gigantic series of transactions extending over eight years. During that period the Government or its selling agent has held the largest stocks of wool ever accumulated in history. This winds up one of the most important raw-material enterprises of the

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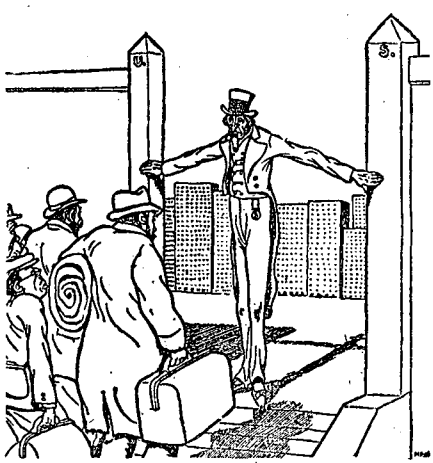
war period, and restores to a great extent pre-war market conditions in an industry of vital interest to American as well as British manufacturers and consumers.

ELECTRIFICATION is making astonishing progress in Germany despite the setback of the war. Between 1913 and 1922 current deliveries in kilowatt hours rose from 2,200,000,000 to 7,200,000,000. The most striking increase was in lignite — *Braunkohle* — stations, from which deliveries increased almost sixfold during these nine years. Ordinary coal-generating plants a little more than doubled, and hydroelectric installations increased less than threefold.

*Corriere della Sera* thus protests against the proposal of our Government to authorize lower railway-rates to tidewater upon merchandise shipped abroad in American vessels than upon goods shipped under foreign flags: 'Who would have imagined after a world war, after founding a League of Nations, after the bonds of brotherhood professed by the conquering Powers, that international trade, as if it were not already hampered sadly enough by impediments of every kind, by sordid and stupid tariff and shipping laws, would have to meet this new, crude form of protectionism in favor of a single merchant-marine, to the prejudice of the shipping of all other countries.' The editor appeals to the traditions of Liberalism against such a policy, and its threatened extension to the British Empire, by way of reprisals against the United States. Italy would suffer seriously from such measures, as her merchant-marine is so largely a carrier for other countries.

THE King of Italy 'inaugurated' last April the great Tirso dam in Sardinia. This dam retains what Italian papers describe as the largest artificial lake in the world — more than 460,000,000 cubic metres of water. The whole project, of which this is the first completed unit, is designed to irrigate 250,000 acres, and to generate half a billion kilowatt hours of electric current.

THE IMMIGRATION LAW



UNCLE SAM receives immigrants with open arms. — *Rölj*, Berlin

THE FRENCH ELECTIONS

CONVIVIAL VOTER. Wa 'sh ish Party? 'S better 'n mine. — *Canard Enchaîné*, Paris

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# THE AMERICAN-JAPANESE CONFLICT

## BY A JAPANESE PUBLICIST

From the *Japan Advertiser, April* 29 and 30
(TOKYO AMERICAN DAILY)

THE most regrettable feature of the controversy regarding the admittance of Japanese immigrants to the United States is the failure on the part of the intelligent class in both countries to acknowledge what constitutes the fundamental cause of the friction. It is extremely important to define the cause of the anti-Japanese movement in America because it has tremendous bearing on world peace.

The action of the American Congress in deliberately embarrassing Japan before the eyes of the world is humiliating enough. Such humiliation, however, is bearable if a proper understanding and appreciation of the vexing problem of Japanese residents in the United States and the fundamental cause therefor are brought to light, thus minimizing the possibility of future disturbance of the peace of the world. I believe that the anti-Japanese bill would have been handled differently if the thinking classes of both nations had frankly admitted the failures and shortcomings of their respective peoples.

I have a firm conviction, born of my own experience, that Europeans and Americans in general 'believe—or perhaps feel would be a better word—that the white race has an innate superiority to the colored race,' as Henry van Dyke says. It would be difficult for any critic to say just how or when the white race, including the Americans, acquired this innate sense of superiority to the colored races. The differences of æsthetic taste and ideas between the East and the West, which sometimes breed contempt and scorn, may be responsible for the existence of such a sentiment on the part of Americans. Or it may be a part of the American heritage of shame from the centuries of wrongdoing inflicted by Europeans upon the colored races.

This superior attitude assumed by Americans toward the colored races existed long before 1900, when the first diplomatic friction occurred over the immigration problem. This American sense of race superiority has manifested itself in the form of pity and compassion, ridicule and contempt, fear and oppression. The events that took place at the time of the first contact of the Japanese and American peoples bear witness to this statement.

The few Japanese students who went to the United States during the early period of Japan's international intercourse were treated with curiosity, pity, and compassion, being looked upon as benighted visitors from a heathen land. The Japanese delegates who visited the United States in 1860, representing the Japanese Government, were treated cordially by American Government officials, but they were made the object of ridicule and contempt by the American public during their sojourn in that country. Japanese could not be treated thus unless Americans in general had a feeling of superiority to the colored races.

I do not mean to say that there is no economic factor involved in the Japanese problem in America. It is



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economic in so far as it is concerned with the modern distribution of population, the consequences of which are the unlimited competition of peoples with varying standards of living. The United States has not lacked experience of this kind in the past. No less than 20,000,000 European immigrants have entered that country since 1860. They went there chiefly because of economic reasons. They wished an easier method of making a living than was possible in their homelands. They wished to make fortunes. The development of modern means of communication made it possible for them to realize their dreams.

The motive and process of Japanese immigration to the United States were practically the same as those of Europeans. Japanese immigrants were legally admitted to that country and were at first well treated, due chiefly to curiosity and expediency. Unlike many of the European immigrants, they were unable to speak English. Naturally they lived among themselves in groups, just as Germans, Frenchmen, Hungarians, Italians, and Greeks live in various sections of the American cities to-day. Their standard of living was lower than that of the average American, just as was the European's. The economic competition of Japanese labor with American has furnished a fresh and additional stimulus for arousing the latent race prejudice, or sense of racial superiority, of the American people against them. The same was true in the case of European immigrants when they first entered the United States.

So far in this discussion the Japanese and European immigrants have pursued practically the same course. But here we come to the parting of the ways. The difference between the immigrant from Europe and the immigrant from Japan is that the Japanese has a distinctly different outward appearance, which is a perpetual reminder to the Americans that he is an Asiatic, who is regarded socially as unequal and inferior. The European immigrant, being of the white race, has the advantage of gradually merging into American life through a process of economic and social adjustment during the period when he is made the target of harsh criticism and oppression.

It would be sufficiently serious for the Californians if the presence of Japanese in that State threatened to lower the accepted standard of living, and it would be small wonder if such a problem were made a political issue in that State or in any other. In excluding Japanese labor from California on economic grounds, however, the publicists and politicians of that State have constantly appealed to the latent race prejudice of the Californians in a vicious manner, branding all Japanese as inferiors. The conduct of Californiians toward the Japanese has been and is extremely repugnant to every self-respecting member of that nation, at home and abroad.

It is this phase of the anti-Japanese movement that lends to the problem its racial aspect. The prejudice once aroused in the hearts of the Californians could not be readily tempered by reason and logic, and Californian publicists and politicians took advantage of the situation they had brought about by catering to the wishes of the people. When a member of the California Legislature was requested by an American to place before that body some salient facts bearing upon the situation, he is reported to have replied: 'The Legislature is dead set on its action. No industrial appeal, no human appeal whatever, could reach them, and I am not going to waste my breath.'

Such is the strength of racial prejudices, of the antipathy and feeling of superiority manifested by Califor-

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nians toward the Japanese. That feeling or belief is inbred in the hearts not only of Californians but of Americans at large. It is clearly manifested by Americans in Chicago, New York, or any other city in the United States, although it is not so pronounced and organized as in the Pacific Coast States.

America should frankly recognize that this phase of the Japanese problem in the United States is the fundamental cause that makes the exclusion of Japanese vexing and repugnant to the Japanese people. It is futile and hypocritical to insist on the exclusion of Japanese on the ground of economic circumstances or inassimilability. The truth is that the United States cannot afford to create more trouble for itself by admitting people of a colored race who are bound to be regarded as socially inferior because of racial prejudice on the part of Americans, thereby adding another serious racial problem to the one she already has.

Following the adoption of the Shortridge amendment by the American Senate, the *San Francisco Chronicle* attempted editorially to explain the position taken by the American Congress as follows: 'We are opposed to Japanese immigrants not because they are of an inferior type but because they are incapable of assimilating American ideas. Their presence here affects our standard of living.'

Plausible as it sounds, such a statement is no more than a polite way adopted by the California newspapers during the past few years of presenting the problem to the public. It is not at all convincing and it does not express the fundamental grievance of the Californians.

Newspapers and publicists of the Pacific Coast States do not present the Japanese problem in its proper light. It is precisely for this reason that the newspapers in the eastern part of the United States do not realize the seriousness of the situation confronting the western section of that nation, and so fail to sympathize with the steps taken by the Pacific Coast States.

Japanese culture is, indeed, markedly different from that of the American people. But it is a matter of social heritage, subject to change and modification in accordance with its environment. And again, it is quite within possibility that the standard of living of Japanese immigrants may be raised to the same level as that of American laborers. Some Japanese immigrants have assimilated American ideas and have elevated their standard of living in spite of the fact that the social advantage of doing so has been denied them.

To America, however, the ability of Japanese immigrants to assimilate American ideas or to raise their standard of living is a matter of small concern in comparison with the real problem. Publicists and politicians of the west coast States know, or should know, that the assimilation of American ideas or the raising of the Japanese living standard to the American level does not remove the Japanese problem. The fundamental difficulty in the way of solution is not a difference in standards of living or civilizations, but a difference in color and physiognomy.

Americans do not want as their cohabitants a people whose color and physical traits are essentially different from their own, nor do they want the Negro as such. The Japanese people declare that they are capable of assimilating American ideas and standards of living by pointing to the facts of the past. Such an assertion of fact will help, if anything will, to increase the alarm felt by the American people for the simple reason that there will be just so much less pretext for the anti-Japanese movement. American spokes-

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men have repeatedly stated that their country does not wish to add another race problem to the one already there; herein lies the key to the solution of the Japanese problem in the United States.

America wants but one homogeneous race, yet her population, as a matter of fact, is as heterogeneous as it could possibly be. She has not yet digested the 20,000,000 immigrants who have flooded the country from all parts of the world since 1890. Under such circumstances, the homogeneity of the nation has been repeatedly threatened by serious problems arising from the racial and national prejudices, traits, and characteristics of Greeks, Italians, Germans, Frenchmen, Hungarians, Jews, and what not. In addition, there is a Negro population of 10,500,000, against whom the prejudice of the white stock has been shown in a way offensive to the whole civilized world.

The problems arising from the contacts of differing nationals and races within the United States have long been a standing menace to the well-being of that country. It is well for us to think what the Japanese would do if this country were constantly confronted with serious problems brought about by the contact of white men, black men, brown men, red men, and yellow men within Japan, when the Japanese are already alarmed by the presence there of a handful of Korean laborers, who are of their own stock, and of members of the *Suiheisha*, who are Japanese.

Nothing is weaker and more futile in the arguments of American publicists and politicians than the assumption that Japan would be greatly alarmed if she should be placed in a similar position to California's. 'Suppose,' they say, 'that 200,000 American laborers were to occupy a certain section of Hokkaido or Kyushu and engage in systematic farming, thus controlling the vegetable market in that section of the Empire.' The fallacy in this argument is that the people of the white race enjoy the advantage, for some reason, of being respected in this country. The presence of a large number of American laborers in Japan would be alarming enough, but at the same time it would constitute a constant source of admiration and inspiration to Japanese workers, just as the city of Dairen is an inspiration to the Chinese people.

But if 200,000 foreigners with a complexion and physiognomy essentially different from those of the Japanese, 200,000 foreigners who did not enjoy the respect and esteem of the Japanese people any more than do the Chinese or the Koreans, were to settle in a certain section of the country and, supported by a powerful foreign Government, attempt to control the local market — what then? Suppose this people to be industrious and frugal, with rapidly multiplying families. This is the situation created by the presence of the Japanese in California.

The Japanese in the United States cannot be blamed for this situation, because they were legally admitted to that country and are, generally speaking, law-abiding. But nevertheless the situation exists in America, and the fact — the hard, unescapable fact — of the presence of the Japanese there cuts deeply into the national life and policy of that country and should not and cannot be ignored for reasons of mere courtesy between nations.

After all is said and done, there remains the race problem, an insuperable obstacle, which is bound to constitute a prolific source of conflict for many centuries to come. I am unspeakably sick and tired of hearing campaign speeches attempting to show that the Japanese in the United States are growing to be like Americans in color

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and physiognomy. Such an impression is a bubble.

International politics are practical. The American Government has been anxious to find a solution for race problems, particularly the Negro and Japanese, and has long awaited a favorable opportunity. Ambassador Hanihara's note to Mr. Hughes furnished a pretext for the American Senate to shut the door, to shut it in a manner neither very gentle nor graceful.

No appeal to liberty, equality, and fraternity will avail in this case, whether or not they are the principles on which the American nation is founded. They are the principles and ideals of the American people, who are 'idealists in practical work.' The Japanese are no less enthusiastic in their support of those principles, but it is simply the social backwardness of both countries that refuses to put them into practice. Japan also would fail to apply those principles if she were confronted by a similar problem of vital and national importance.

The race problem is a problem of the most delicate nature and one that has a tremendous bearing upon the future of the world. It calls for a human, and at the same time a practical, solution, and that solution can never be attained in the slam-bang fashion of the American Senate.

It behooves America to admit frankly that the race prejudice of Americans is insurmountable in the case of the Japanese, that further admission of Japanese immigrants to that country will make the conflict over the question even more acute, and that America greatly needs Japan's coöperation in finding an amicable solution to the problem. At the same time, the Japanese people should realize that it is impossible for Japanese immigrants to thrive in a country such as the United States and that further pressure on America for a solution on the grounds of high moral principles is neither a gesture of friendliness nor of coöperation. If such a sane view of the situation be taken, America and Japan would then turn the first page in a new epoch of international diplomacy.

The race problem is one of the greatest problems inherited from the nineteenth century. If diplomacy be misguided in handling that problem, mankind is bound to be led to the greatest tragedy the world could know — the conflict of East and West.

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# NEWSPAPER-MAKING À LA FRANÇAISE. I

BY ANDRÉ BILLY AND JEAN PIOT

[*The authors of this article are both well-known figures in Parisian journalism. André Billy is one of the famous metropolitan humorists who refused to join the recently founded Academy of Humor. M. Piot reversed the usual process by writing novels first and taking to journalism afterward.*]

From *Le Mercure de France, May* 1
(CLERICAL CONSERVATIVE MONTHLY)

'OH, wait a while. You have plenty of time to write your article before evening.'

'But I 'm not writing an article to-day.'

'Well, then, why not take it easy?'

How many times our friends say something like that, imagining that a newspaper man's sole business is to write an article a day, or every few days, scribbling away on the corner of a table, — preferably in a café, — after which he has nothing in the world to do except smoke his pipe and drink innumerable *bocks*. Suppose we try to give them a more accurate idea.

A journalist's main business is to know what is going on, and the first thing that a *rédacteur en chef* or a *chef des informations* does when he wakes up in the morning is to read everything in all the morning papers, or at least run through them.

'But,' you say, 'he ought to know what 's in them better than anyone else. He spent all the day before gathering the news that his own paper and the other papers talk about.' No doubt that is so, but then, in the first place, some events may have escaped him, and reading the other papers will reveal these gaps, or *ratages*, as they are called professionally. Then he will tear his hair — provided he has any — and that will teach him a lesson. There is, moreover, another fact hard to explain but beyond dispute, namely that to-morrow's newspaper very largely grows out of reading to-day's. There you find stories suggested by the association of ideas and there you find brief dispatches which seemed unimportant the day before but which, when you read them in print, make you say: '*Tiens!* That is a more interesting story than it seemed yesterday. Suppose we send someone to look it up.'

About noon the editors and reporters begin to arrive. Their assignments must be distributed and they must be sent hurrying through Paris and through all France. The gathering usually begins with the question: 'What 's new?' But this is not the banal question of chance encounters in the street. In the newspaper world this curiosity and these questions are purely professional, though the usual reply is a disillusioned: 'Nothing much.' These are mere formulas, however. There really are a good many things, so many that some have to be let drop. The other members of the staff have already done as much newspaper-reading as the chef des informations. They too, perhaps by accident or by chance encounters, have learned of new events. They too have ideas for stories, which they add to the sheaf that has accumulated since the morning. But let us pay attention first to the events



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of the day. They are passed in review. 'None of this is very *rigolo*.' 'Rigolo,' in the slang of the *salle de rédaction*, has a special meaning. A railway accident, a fine crime, is 'rigolo.'

Don't make up your mind that the reporter is a cynical creature deprived of all human emotion. Such a conclusion would be both hasty and unfair. 'Rigolo' does not mean joyful or pleasant, but only fascinating or exciting. 'Rigolo' means that there is a chance to bring in a good story, to run down precise details — a chance to use the 'nose for news.' But none of this must appear on the surface. A certain air of indifference is required. A good journalist, who sees the world every day with new eyes, affects a blasé air, the attitude of a man to whom nothing means very much and whom nothing surprises.

To-day there are a number of assignments to get over and a number of interviews to be written and meetings to attend. Who is to have the various assignments? In theory every reporter on the paper ought to be able to handle any one of them, but in practice it is better to give each one the task to which he is best suited, for each has his particular abilities, his special knowledge, and his tastes, all of which must be used to the best advantage so that every man may do the most work. Instead of following up the 'reconstruction' of some exciting crime or writing the account of the inauguration of a monument or unraveling some complex affair, the reporter may have to write an interview — that is, he may be assigned to converse with some prominent man who will talk to him about his recollections, or with some political personage who will give his latest opinions, or with an actress who will talk about moving pictures or the newest fashions or dances. This kind of work demands boldness, perseverance, politeness, a certain amount of persuasion, tact, intelligence, a psychological sense, and a feeling for the word that is exactly right, which will not misrepresent the thought of the man with whom you talk, and last of all, the gift of Socratic irony.

Not all the journalists in the city of Paris, it is true, have all these qualities, but the greater part of them carry out their task fairly well. M. Barrès, on whom one of our colleagues called to ask what he thought of the custom of interviewing, replied: 'The trouble with interviews is that they are frequently written by imbeciles. An interview is a delicate job which should only be undertaken by keen minds with critical ability and the capacity for psychological analysis.'

At this rate few of the men who are giving interviews, even the most illustrious, would be worthy of becoming interviewers.

Another colleague, M. Georges Martin, went to see Anatole France for *Le Petit Journal* when that writer had just received the Nobel Prize. At that time Anatole France was living on his estate at Béchellerie. The journalist took the train, only to learn, when he arrived, that the master had just started for Paris, and that they had passed each other en route.

'Moreover,' said the friend of Anatole France who received him, 'it is not very likely that he will see you at all.'

'Hélas! I know that well enough, but I should like to try, at any rate.'

'Well, since you are here,' said the friend, 'I 'll let you see the estate. That at least will make a subject for an article.'

During the course of the visit the benevolent guide suddenly cried out: '*Allons donc!* See what 's happened! He 's such a thoughtless fellow! Do you see this box on the table? It has a set of dessert knives of which the

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master is especially fond. He can't get along without them, but he 's forgotten them. Since you 're going back to Paris this evening, why don't you take charge of them?'

'Gladly,' said the delighted reporter, and he left bearing the precious package. Next morning he presented himself at the Villa Saïd and asked to see Anatole France in order to put 'into his own hands' something which had been given him by M. X—— of Tours. He was asked to come back in two hours. He did so, and was at length received by the master, to whom he handed his beloved little knives.

The author of *Le Lys Rouge* smiled. 'You have managed to see me by a lucky trick, monsieur,' he said, 'and now that you are here, what do you want?'

Then Anatole France began to talk as only he can talk. . . .

The Steinheil affair, the Landru affair, the trials of M. Malvy and M. Caillot before the Haute-Cour, the Bolo-Pasha affair, the Bonnet-Rouge trial before the Third Paris Conseil de Guerre, and the trials of Ernest Judet and of Germaine Berton at the Cour d' Assises, are examples of the 'great trials,' which seize the mind of the public suddenly. For months at a time there may be talk of nothing else.

Or perhaps special trains begin to discharge passengers suddenly at some famous resort or on the lawns of a watering-place. Yet it is not 'the season.' Who can they be, these premature holiday-makers, whom powerful limousines whisk away to the nearest palace? They are ministers, diplomats, private secretaries, or secretaries of embassies, followed by still more secretaries and stenographers, French, Belgian, English, Italian, Japanese. A conference is commencing. Ever since the war our rulers have held palavers in various places, many of which were extremely agreeable — Spa, San Remo, Hythe, Cannes, and Genoa. The English coast, the Belgian Ardennes, the French Riviera and the Italian, have all had their share.

Naturally the journalists — a whole cloud of them — also make these trips, for it is part of their work to follow such conferences. Some of the big newspapers send, not a single representative, but a regular press-bureau — a little delegation in itself, led by the foreign editor, who is assisted by two, three, even four reporters, who serve as beaters in the chase for news, with another to do the 'sidelights,' that is, to note the picturesque and amusing aspects of a big diplomatic meeting. There may be one or two photographers, in addition, not to mention a couple of stenographers.

Everybody runs from the Carlton Hotel to the Adlon, where the British have descended, back to the Carlton where the Italians have taken up their abode on the floor above the French, and thence to the Cercle, in whose salon the statesmen are holding their meeting. At Genoa, where the delegations were strung out along the coast for a distance of almost sixty kilometres, the journalists used motor-cars in pursuit of the discreet and elusive diplomats whom they had to run down and, by hook or crook, induce to talk.

Of course, there is the official daily communiqué, drawn up very much like those in the war. In other words, to use the vivid definition of M. Massimy, the communiqué is something that tells the truth, but not quite all of it. Every delegation makes its own communication to the press every evening, but though these may be more copious than the official ones they are no less vague and reticent and full of hidden meanings. It is these hidden meanings that one must

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learn to understand. One is able to do so by clever questioning, by provoking indiscretions, by careful comparison of what the French delegation says and what the British delegation says — and very often those two are not at all the same. One succeeds by pestering ministers, by pursuing attachés, by acting the part of a man who knows all about it already in order to get them to confirm the fact which, as a matter of fact, you don't know at all, but which they will give you, thanks to this stratagem of playing false to learn the truth. The mass of information thus collected right and left must be sent to the newspaper as fast as possible by telephone or telegraph.

It is easy to imagine what so many telegrams or telephone messages must cost, especially as the tariffs are often very high, because the conference is held in a foreign country and perhaps a distant one. One Japanese journalist who arrived at the Genoa Conference presented himself at the telegraph office 'to make a little deposit.' 'Anything you please,' they told him. He carelessly put down a million lire — and it is not by any means sure that this covered his toll charges.

If the statesmen and the diplomats with their mysteries and their discretion frequently exasperate the journalists, the latter are not slow in returning the compliment. Everybody knows what interests — oil interests, if I may say so — were involved at Genoa behind the official pretense of the reconstruction of Europe. A few articles in which a special correspondent of *L'Œuvre*, Camille Lemercier, uncorked the perfume bottle, were enough to hamper the negotiations that had been so slyly begun, and to transform the atmosphere of the Conference.

One fine January morning at Cannes, in 1921, M. Lloyd George took M. Briand out on the golf course to teach his French colleague a little golf. The incident provided a few reporters with a subject for some waggish articles, and a few photographers — who are by profession indiscreet — with a chance to get an amusing snap. That 'golf lesson,' cleverly exploited, had a deplorable effect on a certain section of French opinion, which a good many men who were at Cannes had a hard time explaining. It needed very little more to complicate a situation which was already delicate. Thus it is that the destinies of a conference or a ministry hang sometimes by a thread — or rather by a special wire.

While the Brussels Conference was in progress, Jules Sauerwein of *Le Matin* tried to extract a few indiscretions from our Ambassador, M. Herbette. As that gentleman, who did not know anything anyhow, vouchsafed not a single word, Sauerwein launched at him this chance shot: '*Eh bien, M. l'Ambassadeur*, I shall simply send my newspaper what I know, and that is that M. Poincaré and M. Jaspar had such violent words at this morning's meeting that the ushers thought they would have to intervene to separate them.'

In a frenzy of excitement M. Herbette telephoned M. Poincaré just as the latter was getting into his dress clothes to go see King Albert.

'But that is foolish,' replied M. Poincaré over the wire. 'Where did he get that? I have n't even seen M. Sauerwein. If anybody talked to him, it must have been M. Jaspar. Telephone to him!'

M. Jaspar protested vigorously that he had not seen a single journalist, and sent for his *chef de cabinet*, M. Davignon.

'What have you been telling M. Sauerwein?'

'What have I been telling him? I have n't even set eyes on him!'

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Then wrath descended on the unlucky official in charge of 'relations with the press.'

'You 've got to clear this up. We hold you responsible for this incident. If you don't clear yourself by evening, you 'll lose your post.'

The hapless official hastened to the French journalist, burst into the hotel where he was living, rushed up to his room, leaped in without troubling to knock, and shouted: 'Monsieur! Monsieur! Monsieur Sauerwein!'

Sauerwein was in his dressing-room. '*Eh bien, quoi?*' he cried.

'Will you give your assurance that it was not I who told you about that incident? I beg it of you!'

'What incident?' asked Sauerwein. He was not thinking about it any more. Explanations followed, and everything was arranged, but the alarm was lively while it lasted — and that is why even the most serious journalists may sometimes seem like enfants terribles in the eyes of statesmen.

Running through newspapers of only twenty years ago, it is easy to get the idea that the French of that day took very little interest in life outside their own country, but the war has changed things. Diplomatic conferences and discussions occupy a good deal of space in our newspapers nowadays, and editors give far more space to foreign news than they formerly did.

An ordinary reporter, walking the Paris pavements, is sent to Havre or to Marseille when there is a big crime or a railway accident or an important ceremony. Then we say that he has been made a 'special correspondent,' but once a special correspondent has attracted attention by his gifts of observation, his daring, or his taste for adventure, he is likely to be sent to distant countries. He is dispatched to make a big investigation somewhere. He is hurried off to the Balkans when hostilities are about to break out, or to Ireland or to Upper Silesia where civil war is raging, to Rome when the Cardinals are met in Conclave to elect a new Pope, to Austria when people are dying of famine, — it is always so interesting to know how people die of famine, — or to China where anarchy reigns.

Then the reporter becomes a 'great reporter,' an 'ace,' a man like Jules Huret, Ludovic Naudeau, Gaston Leroux, Édouard Helsey, Albert Londres. He has won fame and a kind of independence. Between trips nobody expects him to do any work.

The career is fascinating, though sometimes disappointing. Ludovic Naudeau tells this story. He had been lucky enough to get a good view of Port Arthur when the bombardment by the Japanese fleet began. How could he get the news to the world and give thousands of readers fresh, vivid impressions? The telegraph wire was cut. He could not get so much as his first dispatch away. Another journalist, an Englishman, had been trying to get into Port Arthur when the bombardment stopped the boat he was on and he had to turn back to Kiaochow to embark again, but as he had seen at least something of what was happening he hoped that he would be the first man to describe the fighting for the world. Unfortunately before he could land at Kiaochow the surf kept the boat away from the quay for a long time, and while he stood there, boiling with impatience, the sailors shouted the news to the people on the wharf, giving them full details. Among the people who stood by and listened was another English journalist who had never so much as stirred from Kiaochow, but who, as soon as he heard the story, made a bee line for the telegraph, and thus was the first man to send news of the bombardment to any European newspaper.

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# AMERICA SHUTS THE DOOR

BY O. MALAGODI

From *La Tribuna, April 27*
(ROME LIBERAL DAILY)

PUBLIC opinion in Italy has been disagreeably shocked by the American Senate's approval of the bill rigidly reducing immigration to the United States. That action shows that many of us were mistaken in thinking the present restrictive law a temporary measure designed chiefly to prevent a flood of immigration after the war, and likely to be liberalized later. Instead of lowering the barriers, Congress has raised them higher than ever, with the particular object of cutting off immigration from Southern and Eastern Europe.

Some of our papers seem to think that this is aimed directly at our own people. That is not true. The Americans are equally anxious to divert from their shores two currents of immigration, the Slavs and the South Europeans, and if they had been able to make a distinction in favor of immigrants from North Italy they would have done so. Consequently the discrimination does not offend our dignity, at least to the extent that false interpreters of the law suggest. We are, however, affected materially by this legislation, and are entitled to protest against it — though not too clamorously.

For the immigration policy of the United States, much as it may injure and offend us, must be studied calmly and intelligently as a phase of America's historical evolution. We must begin by bearing in mind that the present policy is not a new one. We are surprised and shocked to-day because one hundred million Americans, in a territory that could easily support five hundred million, slam the door in the face of their human brethren, who are packed like sardines in old Europe. But we forget that Americans began to debate this question of the open door and the shut door, or the door ajar, at a time when they numbered only four or five million, and that the first champion of immigration restriction was the humanitarian philosopher Benjamin Franklin. Since his day, each successive generation has agitated more or less against the flood of new arrivals from Europe — first against the patronizing English, then against the drunken Irish, then against the servile Germans, then against the verminous Russians and Hebrews, and so on, varying the argument with the conditions, appealing now to patriotism, now to Puritanism, now to race prejudice, now to labor and living standards.

In spite of that, the United States has kept on growing until she now has well over one hundred million people, who are certainly not preponderantly of the original racial stock, which is hardly more prolific than the French. During the past century the country has received twenty million English, fifteen million Irish, ten million Germans, and twelve million or so Poles, Italians, Russians, Jews, Galicians, Scandinavians, and others. As we study the long record of their immigration policy we see that the Americans have preached badly and practised well.



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We must try to understand the special conditions that now govern opinion and legislation upon this question in the United States, not only to prevent undue confusion of the public mind in Italy, but also that we may provide the moral and material remedies for the situation that our own interest demands. The new conditions in America are not transitory and superficial. They have their roots in the nation's history. The United States has been in the past, and is still, though to a less extent than formerly, the home of an immense people and society in process of formation. They are being moulded by mighty historical and moral forces, as well as by powerful economic and utilitarian forces. From the economic standpoint, the United States, with her vast territories awaiting the touch of the human hand to gather their boundless natural wealth, cries out for labor and ever more labor. From this standpoint America attracts a stream of European immigration; nor is she fastidious as to its quality, because, as a shrewd student of the problem has observed, the native Americans owe their well-being and higher social status precisely to this inflow of low-class workers, who naturally concentrate in the ruder and poorly paid occupations, leaving more desirable and better-remunerated employments to the older settlers. In this way the United States has pumped out of Europe brawn and muscle to dig her mines, to grade her railways, to build the pedestal upon which the natives have been lifted to a fairyland of prosperity.

But nations and communities, like individuals, do not live by bread alone. Although the Americans are immersed in material pursuits, they do not wish to sacrifice to these their national character, which has been clearly and distinctly defined from the origin of their independence. This determination to preserve their national, linguistic, religious, moral, and social individuality comes into violent conflict with their eagerness to develop their material resources and to enrich themselves and their country. They believe their national character menaced by the flood of lower-class European immigration and the formation of great alien colonies in their midst.

Simultaneously, American society is growing more complex, and new material interests reënforce these ideal motives. The old struggle between the free North and the slave-holding South, between the industrial and financial East and the agricultural West, is assuming a new phase in a later division between a labor-hungry, exploiting group and a modest, democratic class of native producers.

This last class has been tremendously strengthened by the World War. During her three years of neutrality, America's industries, which had not hitherto reached a point where they could compete under normal conditions with those of Europe, experienced a true golden age. For the first time in the country's history the interests of the manufacturing class, busy providing Europe with the resources of war, and those of the farmers of the West were in perfect harmony. Both were reaping a harvest of wealth they never dreamed of before. While the war was multiplying the riches of a few profiteers and speculators in Europe and ruining the rest of the people, it was enriching practically everyone in America. The whole community took a long step forward toward an economic millennium. To-day there are twelve million automobiles in the United States, or twice as many as in all the rest of the world together. There is an automobile for every eight inhabitants, and mechanics use them to

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go to their places of employment, where they receive fabulous wages for a few hours' work. It is easy to understand how Mr. Gompers and his followers should become ultranationalist in a society where such conditions prevail.

As a result, the ideal interests of national Puritanism have become for the first time in the country's history identical with the material interests of a great and influential section of the population. The champions of immigration exclusion for moral and social reasons, and the champions of the same policy for economic and material reasons, have formed an irresistible alliance, which is erecting an insurmountable barrier to the immigration flood. The psychology of America has been transformed by the war and prosperity. The passionate enthusiasm for material development that characterized her people, especially during the last thirty years before the war, has been superseded by the prudent and jealous conservatism of a nation that has made its fortune and is intent chiefly on defending what it has acquired. The fever of acquisitiveness has cooled down several degrees, and Americans are working less intensely and are spending more time in recreation and amusement than ever before.

This relative check to the intense and unremitting devotion to productive pursuits that has hitherto been the dominant characteristic of the people is not a passing phenomenon. Too many forces lie behind it. But we do not believe that so vast and important a country will want to erect a permanent Chinese wall around itself. Yet our immediate interest in America's immigration policy should make us realize that she has reached a stage of economic evolution where she will henceforth select her immigrants with care; and for this reason we should see to it that the people we send to that country are qualified to occupy a higher place than hitherto in her labor hierarchy.

# A PHILOSOPHER OF THE DESERT TRAIL

BY L. L. K.

From the *West Coast Leader, April 22*
(LIMA ENGLISH-LANGUAGE WEEKLY)

SCIENCE can probably expound in pretty big words on the burro. Travelers and mining prospectors, who have hobnobbed with burros, can very likely offer a host of whys and wherefores on the what-nots that make a burro a burro. But since this article will be neither a scientific treatise nor yet a practical handbook for beginners on 'How to Start and Run a Burro,' all hopes of its being either must be left behind in the first paragraph, as the subsequent paragraphs will concern themselves solely with observations, especially observations in Peru, particularly in the Department of Piura.

Those who have never seen a burro in operation owe it to themselves to investigate. They can be furnished with a set of specifications that will

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guide them to the 1924 model, three-passenger — convertible into one-ton truck — burro. This model is easily recognized on the fashionable desert highways by its compact yet roomy tonneau, low consumption, universal-jointed ears adjustable in twenty-eight different semaphore positions, doe-eyes, — large, limpid, fringed by languid lids, — mouse-colored upholstery, — not guaranteed at the joints, — knees that are perfect hyperbolas, and a tail, a really unspecifiable specimen of the species cauda, and, not being replaceable, usually a bit worse for mileage.

The burro carries everything that is portable. He is at the same time the saving feature and the savior of many a league of otherwise absolutely barren land. He lives where the camel refused to live — on the deserts of Peru. Living and dying year after year, generation upon generation, he has helped to write history and, as reward, barely received passing mention. The burro is so much a fixture that he is overlooked, just as we overlook a portion of landscape that does not stand out in vivid color. The burro is never vivid. He blends. He is not fiery. But he glows steadily. He is not a dashing fellow, but he gets there just the same.

What curse he labors under it is impossible to fathom, for surely he sins not against nature and has all the patriarchal virtues with Job's patience thrown in. He requires prompting of a sort, such as it has been ingrained in him to expect, and in this he is never disappointed.

One might venture to observe that, hour for hour, the burro does more work than anything else equivalent to him in potentialities. Take the horse, for example, the animal whose praises have been sung since antiquity and whose name has been incorporated into the very term *caballero*, which we bestow upon humans only after due consideration. The horse is fussy and expects to be fussed over. His feed must be so, and his bed must be so, lest he fall into more distempers than an hysterical woman. He must have a harness and sometimes no end of trappings, and he lets us know that he has blood. Take your burro. The remarkably neat appearance that a burro can present in the midst of squalor confirms the observation that he is the true type of worthy plebeian of the animal kingdom — never carved in marble, nor cast in bronze, nor yet used to build a plaza around. He never knows harness. In fact, a burro is not harnessed; he is tied. The difference between the social status of the pampered horse and the forgotten burro illustrates that anyone can have notice taken of him, without returning a just equivalent, if he but acts temperamental.

The burro does not seem to receive the slightest thought from those whose constant company he forms. He is just 'taken along,' dismissed from mind with that expression, and never considered as the indispensable item that he really is. But the burro is contented. It has been hinted that he is a philosopher, perhaps the only one who practises philosophy. His depth is profound. He would resent pampering; he would never show it because he makes no display of feeling, but he would pine away. Suppose that a burro were deliberately led into a field of clover — but that is supposing too much, and the reader might get as disgusted as the burro would in the clover.

Humanity is lagging behind the burro in the race for existence. Whether he finds nourishment in mere philosophical contemplation is an open question. Who has ever seen a burro being fed? A nose-bag would surely stifle

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him. As for eating, a burro was once observed hastily snatching a banana-peel as he loped along with his load and receiving a hollow sounding whack from the driver by way of gratitude for picking up a living.

Generations of burros have been so resoundingly beaten that a racial revenge seems to have settled into an irritating indifference to punishment. The instrument of castigation is never less than a club one inch in diameter. The burro has learned to flex his joints when the blow descends so as to break its force. One of them, a young fellow he seemed to be, was once observed to mistime his flex and in consequence received so full a benefit of the blow that it indubitably knocked all future attempts at anticipation from his anatomy.

Rumors are growing louder that the burro will be displaced by the automobile. In that case he will work his own destruction; he will transport the endless variety of material to build the road that will lead to his doom.

The ability of a burro to carry things seems to be unlimited. He has been observed with a brace of cotton-goods bales, a couple of bulging *alforjas*, the centre piled high with fagots surmounted by two small boys, and a portly dame seated where she was in danger of falling into the dusty wake of this four-footed caravan. The burro loped along as unconcerned as ever, not caring whether he were free of even a strap or whether a village fiesta was being held on his back. On another occasion, it was observed that a haystack, still green, and in that condition generally supposed to be a more or less stationary portion of rural scenery, had unaccountably become animated and was ambling along the streets in a most disconcerting manner. Surmounting this mound of green, with the air of a ranee of Nagpur in her palanquin, — the comparison must not be strained, — was a good village wife with alforjas and a basket, a large one, of mangoes. It was impossible to observe, but it could be conjectured that underneath fruit, lady, and hay was to be found a burro, provided a search were made.

A burro was once seen sharing his load with another of his tribe. The cargo consisted of two long planks of Oregon pine, each at least thirty feet long, twelve inches wide, and two inches thick. The planks were lashed together and at each end was placed a burro. With immense consideration for the animals' feelings, the load was nicely balanced by the addition of two cases of oil — ten gallons each — hung on the burros, on the sides opposite to the planks. Two natives, armed with the usual prods, religiously concerned themselves with preventing the hide of the burros from growing cool. Fatigue on the part of the animals or difficulty in turning corners was not observed; perhaps each burro was deceiving himself into the belief that his fellow was doing all the work.

It is noteworthy that not an inch of the burro's top surface goes unclaimed. Judging by the advantage taken of the inexplicable roominess of the burro's back, if the world were to move upon it, there would, on the instant, no longer exist a perplexity concerning overpopulated countries, since at least three persons could pass a life of apparently uncrowded ease superimposed on the space already taken up by every living burro to-day; there would no longer be a Japanese problem, and the rent-gouger would die like the 'Man without a Country.' It is passing strange that this solution has never occurred to anyone before.

The training of a burro begins in youth, when he consists of little else than an amplitude of ears. He is al-

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ways taken along with the pack. True, he makes a few meandering detours, on his own account, along sidewalks and plazas, gets left behind, and makes up the loss at the expense of the corners; but when he is next seen he is already fastened to a load and has received his first lesson in burro philosophy. Who knows what sages there are in the drab, dusty, loaded train? The young animal soon becomes a transporter of contemporary generations, of fathers and sons, one sitting amidships and the other astern, both supremely indifferent to their locations relative to the animal, and riding with legs outstretched save when the burro is given a kick with the heels by way of variation, the latter a method in high favor with youngsters for beguiling the tedium of a journey.

It has often been observed that in a pack of burros — especially is this true where, for lack of trail, the ocean beach is utilized — going in single file each animal has a long rope tied to his bridle, and dragging behind for fifteen feet or more. Inquiry into the reason for this rope has netted many attempts at explanation. One man said that the native driver was too indolent to coil the rope. Another advanced the ridiculous idea that the rope was there to retrieve a runaway burro! Again, it was claimed that the weight of the dragging rope led the burro to believe that he was in hand and thus kept him in line of march. Whatever may be the reason for the trailing rope, delusion on the part of the burro is not in the bargain.

He seldom dies. But the deserts of the north are strewn with white, clean-picked bones, still arranged in the last posture of the burro when he fell by the side of the trail, and a stop was made only long enough to remove the heavy load and the ropes — for those are valued — the coarse ropes that wore through his poor hide. Living, he knows no bed; he is turned into a corral at night under the same open sky that he toiled under all day. As tardy evening approaches you can hear his raucous cry and you can hear it in early dawn. He meets his labor as he met his repose.

This cry of the burro has been the subject of some speculation. It intrudes upon one; it is irritating; it is the subject of much venomous wit. Some have imagined that it is a cry against the pain of existence; others have ennobled it into the voice of poetry.

Surrounded though he may be by a yelling pack of natives, the burro never loses his composure. Left to stand unhobbled for many hot hours in the sun, he just — well — he just stands, with eyes closed the better to meditate. And then, all of a sudden, he raises his head skyward, without, however, raising his somnolent lids, his nostrils curl till his teeth show, and from his tautly opened mouth comes a long-drawn-out cry, a wild 'Yah!' like a wail of the banshee, followed by three loud raspings and expiring in a series of wheezy throatings. Which done, the burro at once relapses into his former immobility. One takes the liberty to observe that the burro's voice is neither one of pain nor of poetry; it is one of exultation mixed with patronizing ridicule. A burro stands; he considers; he philosophizes; he attains Nirvana, meets the riddle, solves it, comes back to earth and gives us the laugh.

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# WHY MOSCOW COURTS RECOGNITION

BY F. ROSTEIN

[*The author is a member of the Soviet Delegation to the Anglo-Russian Conference in London.*]

From *Pravda, March* 12
(Moscow Official Communist-Party Daily)

August Bebel, the great parliamentarian leader of the Second International, used to say on various occasions: 'Every time our bourgeois opponents begin to praise me, I immediately ask myself if I have not committed some blunder.' August Bebel came from the working class, and the proletarian instinct of political cleanliness was very strong in him. This same instinct inspires similar reflections in some of our comrades at the sight of the 'recognitions' of our workman-peasant State, coming from all ends of the bourgeois world. Whence such sudden love? Have we committed some blunder? Are we actually being transformed into a State which is acceptable to the capitalistic world? And finally, what good will all this bourgeois tinsel do our revolutionary State?

We ought to be very glad that such views are expressed. They reflect a healthy class-feeling which in itself is a guaranty against our transformation. As a matter of fact, however, they have very little foundation and are based to a very large extent on a misunderstanding. Almost from the very beginning our Soviet Government has made efforts to achieve recognition, and during 1918 and still more 1919 we made numerous offers to bourgeois Governments to conclude peace and negotiate the restoration of normal relations between us and the other nations. On numerous occasions our offers were accompanied by expressions of our willingness to make considerable concessions.

It will be very difficult indeed to find proof of our transformation in the fact that in 1924 we achieved without any concessions on our part what we had longed for all these long and difficult years, and what the bourgeois States have consistently refused us with the haughty mien of the victors. On the contrary, if any transformation has taken place it has not been on our side, since we gave nothing for recognition and continue to emphasize our revolutionary origin and to insist upon the preservation of our revolutionary conquests. Rather is it on the side of the bourgeois Governments, who have dreamed so long of our overthrow, who have tortured us with countless pains of the blockade, who have sent against us whole armies, who have equipped and armed against us the White hosts of numberless generals and admirals, who isolated us from the world, who solemnly denounced us as murderers with whom they would never deign to shake hands, and who, even at the time when our existence could no longer be in doubt and when our absence from the world economic intercourse began to be felt more and more acutely everywhere, still could not for a long time make up their minds to make peace with us, but have



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been carefully and cautiously and surreptitiously entering into de facto relations with us.

It is quite clear that they, rather than we, have been transformed and that it is for us, rather than for them, to celebrate a victory as a result of the recognition. For the second time we have conquered the bourgeois world. In the first instance, with arms in our hands we beat off their violent intervention in our internal affairs; and in the second instance, now, they have been compelled to recognize their defeat and to make peace with us on infinitely more favorable terms as far as we are concerned than those which we ourselves offered them and which they had refused.

In the light of this absolutely apparent victory for our side there is something of futility in the second question as to what good all this is going to do us. As if the final and formal acknowledgment on the part of an opponent that he has lost the game, and that he recedes from his former thoughts and actions, is not sufficient good for the winner. As if the circumstance that the bourgeois world has acknowledged its impotence in the face of our revolution and is compelled now to accord us the same treatment as has been accorded hitherto only to the 'respectable' Governments recognizing the sacred foundations of capitalistic property, of the bourgeois electoral right, of the bourgeois 'freedom' of the press, of the Church, of judicial 'conscience,' and of all the other fraudulent institutions built up by the exploiters — as if this very circumstance does not constitute an enormous advantage for our State and for our cause.

Even from the point of view of purely material interests our victory must sooner or later find expression in very tangible advantages, since our concentration on constructive economic and cultural work will no longer be interrupted by such episodes as Curzon's sudden ultimatum hurled at us in May of last year; since all the arguments about the legality of our legislation concerning the nationalization of industry will be buried forever and no courts of law or oil syndicates will be able to interfere with our foreign trade; since the foreign capitalists, confident now of the stability of our international position, will more willingly accept our terms and will not introduce into their calculations the so-called coefficient risk.

Even in the domain of politics the material advantages of our recognition will be very considerable. In our negotiations with foreign Governments we shall be able to deal not with second-rate officials and with trade representatives, endowed with very limited prerogatives, but with plenipotentiaries and cabinet ministers. In other words, we shall be placed on a footing of complete political equality with the other States and will be able to negotiate with them on the basis of equal authoritativeness. Whoever knows the difference between dealing with the owner of an enterprise and with his clerks will realize the significance of this advantage, no matter how formal it may appear on the surface.

But above all other direct advantages connected with the act of our recognition by the bourgeois States is the enormous increase of our international importance. A huge country with a population of 130 millions, with inexhaustible natural resources, Russia even in the period of the Empire, when she was universally known for her internal weakness and was therefore often spoken of as 'a colossus with feet of clay,' nevertheless played an important international rôle and had great influence in world politics. Our

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Soviet State, our Union of Soviet Republics that has risen upon the ruins of Czaristic Russia and is welded together in a way in which few composite States in modern history have been, is bound to play an even more decisive rôle in international relations.

There is no doubt that the realization of this inevitable development has been one of the most important factors that has compelled the bourgeois Governments to recognize the Soviet State, which they hate so much — at the very moment when Europe is again splitting into two camps and when the position of the Soviet State with regard to one or the other of the camps cannot be a matter of indifference for either of them. This means that in the future we shall be able to utilize more fully in the interests of the working classes of our Union and of the whole world the antagonisms existing among the imperialistic Powers than we had been able to do in the past, although even then we had some success. It also means that, entering now as a full-fledged nation upon the arena of international diplomacy, we shall be able more effectively than before to oppose our policy of a struggle against imperialism, of disarmament, of true self-determination of nationalities, of real liberation of oppressed nationalities from foreign exploitation, to the hypocritical, rapacious, and at best halfway policies of the capitalistic Powers.

There was a time when we entered bourgeois parliaments merely in order to oppose our programme to the programme and actions of bourgeois Governments and bourgeois parties. We did not believe in the possibility of a revolution through parliamentary action, but we did believe in the possibility of utilizing the parliament for the purpose of unmasking our class opponents and of educating and organizing the working masses. The international arena upon which we are now entering as a universally recognized Power is not unlike the bourgeois parliaments of former days. Into this arena we shall cast our gauntlet, we shall struggle for the satisfaction of our demands, we shall compel our opponents to lower their visors and to show their true faces, and then the peoples of the world will see which political and social order is their friend and which is their enemy.

At Genoa and at Lausanne we had occasion to cross swords with the international policy of the imperialistic Powers. The impression which this encounter produced upon the working masses has not been in favor of our opponents. We may expect deeper and larger effects of this sort in the future when our participation in international relations and in the solution of international problems will be infinitely more effective as a result of the fact that we shall appear not merely as a great, but as a recognized, Power. Then, and only then, will the real significance of the apparently merely formal and unimportant 'recognition de jure' become entirely evident.

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# A GLIMPSE OF GLENGARIFF

## BY MRS. LA TOUCHE

*[Glengariff is a rough glen tucked away amid wooded hills at the head of Bantry Bay in the far west of County Cork. The author was an Irish lady of noble descent. The letters were written in April and May, 1876, and are published as an interesting picture of the everyday country life of the better classes in Ireland half a century ago.]*

From the *Month, April*
(London Catholic Review)

The first thing I 've got to say is that I wish you were all here, and the second that I don't want ever to go home; this is such a heavenly place.

It is the third time I 've been here in my life, but as one grows older one cares more for lovely places and less, much less, for uninteresting people. And I am inclined to feel that this is the ideal place for me to live and die in. Particularly as in the latter event I might be honored by the 'Irish cry' at my funeral. We had a delightful journey and posted across the mountains, forty-two miles from Killarney, last Friday. How lovely Killarney is with its April face on! There 's scarcely anyone to see it then, no tourists stuck in the foreground of every picture, reminding one that 'only man is vile.' The forests of arbutus, the trees in all the lovely purple flush that comes before the green, the undergrowth of gold and silver, gorse, celandine, primroses, and windflowers, the clouds flying overhead repeated in the lakes — dead asleep, under the sheltering mountains.

It is all more beautiful than I can say, and even the stone walls and the bog-fences are a delight, clothed with the tenderest green ferns that grow quite differently here from the way they do anywhere else. Coming, we walked up all the hills, which were tremendous, and the journey took us eight hours which seemed like two. We stayed for a little at Kenmare to change horses. It was so deliciously warm and soft, Irish and comforting, and altogether — well, I believe in modern language I ought to say it was 'quite too awfully nice.'

The air is like balm, and the hotel is homelike and old-fashioned, as clean too as a new pin, though the chambermaids barely understand English, and always talk Irish to one another, as do all the poor people here. They have all the Spanish type of face and form, and wear the blue cloaks over their heads, which one never sees now in civilized Ireland. This is the Ireland —

> Ere Saxon foot had dared pollute
> Her independent shore.

The loveliness of this place, and of all the country, sea and land, for miles round is indescribable; the climate is almost Italian. All sorts of tender things grow out of doors, and to such a size that one hardly recognizes them. All the rocks are covered with everything that could grow on rocks, and chiefly with the saxifrage called 'London Pride,' which I believe is only found wild in the south of Ireland, while the mosses and lichens are astonishing. I do wish you could come here! You know practically Ireland *is* nearer London than the Isle of Man. I can't



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say that truthfully of Glengariff, but of all our region it is the truth.

Now I must go out into the woody hollows and the valleys of paradise. I believe we are going to row about among the islands. They are all sitting upon their reflections, and the sea is so still that you can't tell where reality stops and illusion begins. Every island wears her broken crown of blossoming gorse, her plumes of birch trees and skirts of green and gold, where the tide has left its brilliant trail on the dark-purple rocks.

How different all this is from the North of Ireland. It is so fearfully Protestant. There is but one Wind of Doctrine there, and *that* is the very Eastest wind I ever felt. There the villages are quite un-Irish, and equally un-English or un-Scotch; the fiercest cleanliness prevails. The houses too are all solid square stone boxes like fireproof safes, while the only bits of color are the bits of new scarlet cloth with which the villagers have nailed their leafless fruit trees to their slate-colored walls!

I 've been sketching! How do people manage to make pretty pictures out of doors? I spent yesterday morning sitting on a wet rock with my feet dangling over the sea, trying to do what ought to be a lovely sketch, but trying at the same time still harder to keep my brushes and things from falling over the little precipice, while sharp little gleams of sun, drifts of mist, and gusts of breeze were playing all sorts of tricks with everything and nothing remained with the same face for two minutes. Not far off a dead skate, six feet four inches long by four feet ten inches broad, was lying in state, emitting an ancient and fish-like odor, but I persevered. I spent the evening sitting on a low crumbling wall trying to do another picture, and dropping my things first on one side of the wall and then on the other, getting the cramp meanwhile by sitting on my left foot, and finally driven away by two women coming to talk to me.

Another day I established myself on a turfy hill, nice and soft with wetness, and in the wet I sat contentedly. A nice Kerry heifer, much nicer and prettier than the ladies of the day before, came to speak to me. First she licked my boots, then she licked my hands, and then she said 'Boo!' and proceeded to eat my petticoats, a state of affairs in the present condition of my wardrobe I could not put up with, so I said 'Boo!' to her. Thereupon she grew offended and retired about three yards from me to plant herself squarely across my picture so that I had nothing before me but a red heifer with blue mountains between her ears, and a lovely island and fortress on her back.

I am here still, because I could not bear to leave this Paradise, and begged to be left in it for just one week more. . . . I am quite ashamed of being so happy here all alone. Your letter was quite delightful and I am so grateful to Miss Beevor. Her list of plants occupied me delightfully all evening, for I looked out each one in Mr. John's *Flowers of the Field*. There are a great many that don't grow here. I don't think we have many rare things, except one big pinguicula, but the wonder of our flora is the extraordinary size, luxuriance, and color of everything, also the way *everything* adapts itself to *everywhere* — so delightfully Irish. In other places there are water-plants, and rock-plants, marsh-plants, and wood-plants, but our bright strong things have no prejudices, though they retain their preferences. They don't even need earth to grow upon, they don't care whether their heads are up or down. They grow out of a vertical rock, or a stone wall, as richly and

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luxuriantly as the most petted and potted geranium. The short turf between the rocks is all one flush and sparkle of flowers, masses of red rattle, and the most lovely starry confusion of yellow pimpernel, golden silverweed, and the bright little Maltese crosses of 'tormentil,' polygala as blue as the spring gentian of the Alps, or deep crimson. The rocks themselves are wreathed all over with honeysuckle and cushioned with stonecrop. All the shade-loving woodland things come thronging out over the sunny uplands in the joyous 'don't care' state that belongs to us Irish people.

As for the woods, there 's no describing *them*. Every bit of stone wall is a separate wonder, every crack and crevice is hung with the two spleenworts, long stiff young fronds of vivid green, and the 'penny pieces,' *Cotyledon umbilicus*, with its spires nearly two feet long. Things which don't at all belong to walls, such as wood sorrel and yellow pimpernel, foxgloves and yellow iris, as well as the blue polygala, grow from under the stones. As for the osmunda, it has quite altered the landscape since March by the way it has sprung up. Several fences consisting of a low bank and a small ditch are now turned into tall hedges of osmunda. Every stream runs through a forest or jungle of it; it is forcing itself up through the gravel walks, and is making groups of tall plumes in the potato-field. It, and the commoner ferns, grow as I never saw them grow elsewhere, but some don't seem to exist here which are common enough elsewhere.

I 've seen none of the polygonatum. Oh dear, how I am prosing on about the flowers.

Of course I shall be proud and pleased if I am put into [Mr. Ruskin's] *Proserpina*. I do wish that Mr. Ruskin would make people — nice ones — come here. Irrespective of all its beauties and delights, it is the only thoroughly unspoiled place of the kind I know: no trains, no steamers, no shops, no town, no doctor, no touting or cheating, no fine clothes, no monster hotel. There is another larger hotel than this, but this one, The Eccles, suits us. It is an old-fashioned homelike inn, with a hostess who is human and who likes you to be happy your own way, as she gives you books, pens, ink, and flowers.

The place is easy to be got at, as there are always horses and carriages to be had, and the drive of forty-two miles is forty-two times as pleasant as a day in the train. In short I know no place like it. How you would all laugh if you saw me trying to 'do' pictures. I do get into such trouble. I was doing one very diligently to-day from the island with the fort on it, and all of a sudden my drawing broke out all over with chicken pox caused by a few drops of rain, so I turned all the spots into rocks, boulders rolling down the mountain. All sorts of convulsions of nature occur in my landscapes, — midges in my eyes are answerable for a good many, — and in one place there is an affectionate pig that follows me everywhere, and shrieks at me if I do not notice her; she expects me to devote my whole time to scratching her back with my stick. She and a stray greyhound are the only beggars I have yet met here.

I do so enjoy the solitude and the liberty; my old tame boatman takes me to all sorts of blissful solitudes, landing and leaving me whenever I like. I have nearly worn out all my clothes and shoes, but I think they will just keep together till I leave on Tuesday.

I 've got a Sunday suit to save me being hunted into a third-class carriage at Killarney.

You ask the size of the Islands. I must find out. The smaller ones are about the size of Berkeley Square

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crumpled over a hillock, and I think it would take a good walker about an hour and a half to walk round the one with the fort, even cutting across its juts and promontories. Some have large trees on them. Some are only rocks covered at high water.

Oh dear! I wish all the nice people knew of this place; it would add to their happiness, and to Mrs. Eccles', also to my old boatman's.

I return to the path of duty via Killarney, next Tuesday, and I must plunge at once into troubles, provocation, and kitchen-range bothers. I often think what a good time Nebuchadnezzar had when he was wet with the dews of heaven, and there was such an improved development of his hair and nails. How he must have regretted those days of freedom, when he was put back on his throne!

The last four hours we have spent partly in walking up the hills and making short cuts across bogs, and partly sitting in the little open carriage sent for us from here. Oh my dear, never can I describe the loveliness of this place — it is too wonderful; I really think this time I must be dead and gone to Heaven. The foliage in all its spring tints and its lavish luxuriance, the marvelous undergrowth of ferns and wild flowers, the rocks, cliffs, and glens, all hung and garlanded with light, life, and color. The sea with its bright islands sitting each on its bright reflection, while the sunshine, the everything, and above all, the Nobody, are too enchanting. I really don't think there is anything like Glengariff anywhere. I have never seen anything the least like it, as it combines things that Nature generally keeps separate.

There is something Millennial and Paradise-like about the aspect of things vegetable and animal, that makes one think one is in another world. All the common wild flowers grow to the very fullness and completion of themselves. You don't know what a daisy, or a tormentilla, or a yellow loosestrife, a milkwort, or, above all, a columbine can be, till you 've seen a Glengariff one; while as for the ferns, they must be seen to be believed. The royal osmunda is now springing up everywhere, its young fronds crimson-brown changing to the most exquisite green. The foxgloves are in flower, so April and August seem to have combined their gifts and scattered and flung them everywhere, down to the very edge of the sea. The tide carries rose petals, May and apple blossoms, strawberry petals too, out to sea with it, while wreaths of seaweed cling to boughs of holly and arbutus, and to the hedges of blossoming fuchsia. Glengariff is crying out for its poet and its painter. You have the latter in your pocket. I wish you could bring him here!! Do send me any other wild flower you may find, to see if I know it and if it grows here. Have you got *Pinguicula grandiflora?* She is lovely — she 's like a proud violet coming out as an imperial flower. She stands on a pale-green footstool of leaves with curled-in edges, making as little of themselves as possible, lying close to the ground in a soft oily-looking green star. She stands stiff and straight and has a proud violet face and a little tail. She is quite Irish and likes to sit in the wet. Do you know her? She has a little sister, *Pinguicula vulgaris*, who also lives here. Do you also know that sweet-scented bog-bean, *Menyanthes trifoliata?* I am sure you do. I have come to the conclusion that the osmunda is a Phœnix among ferns, for it certainly must have a way of burning its dead last year's fronds. When we were here in March there was not a trace of it, now it springs up at a great rate, uncurling crimson-brown fronds, which turn into the most living green.

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# THE BAKER'S CART

BY GERALD BULLETT

From the *Saturday Review, March* 8
(London Tory Weekly)

Father was again in disgrace. Mother was once more beet-red with indignation. 'My dear!' cried he in bewilderment — but even that was turned against him. If only he'd *dear* less and *do* more! Mother was as skillful in debate as in housekeeping: waste was abhorrent to her, whether of words or of halfpennies. Her habit in controversy was to stab out with one phrase, and then remain silent for a period of days. Father, divining that such a period was about to begin, lost no time in venting his anger, not upon the cause of it, but upon nine-year-old Harriet bending in terror over her porridge, upon the green venetian blinds, the wallpaper, the *Pears' Annual* pictures, and all the appurtenances of the breakfast room in which they sat, husband, wife, and youngest daughter. He declared that the wallpaper was poisonous, that the pictures were hung crooked, and that the architect who planned French windows to open on a backyard littered with drains was an imbecile.

'Take your hair out of your plate, Harriet,' he said, in parenthesis.

The ghost of a smile played and passed over the face of mother, a smile which Harriet interpreted as full and free forgiveness of father's reference to the wallpaper of her choice, and to the pictures her hands had hung. For mother was always thinking of others, self-abnegation being the most conspicuous of her virtues. Harriet expected her every moment to say to the culprit, as she had so often said to her children: 'It is not of me you must ask pardon, but of Him above.'

At the moment father seemed disinclined to ask pardon of anyone. He continued his indictment of Number 27, Coniston Villas, and extended its application until the whole universe appeared clouded with his displeasure. He inquired, with some bitterness, why Alice and Maud were not at breakfast. Incredible blunder; for Alice and Maud, those hard-worked elder sisters of Harriet, had broken their fast and hurried away to their dingy city offices fully fifteen minutes before he, their erring father, had emerged from his so-called workroom. It was not often *they* had a Saturday off, oh no! Mother could not forbear to break her strategic silence with this information.

The storm of father's angry eloquence rose and fell and rose again, until, presently, he seemed to gulp it back. He pushed away his plate with such violence that the bacon fat he had left upon it became a turbulent sea, whose waves washed forward to the tablecloth and backward to the pushing fingers. Whereat he muttered an unknown word, wiped the offended finger on his napkin, and loped out of the room like an awkward schoolboy.

Mother heaved a deep sigh. She rose from the table with infinite dignity and, from the greater height, shot one keen, wistful glance at her daughter's bowed head. Harriet, though she kept her eyes averted, was conscious of that glance, which she knew to be a sign that mother's cross was almost more than



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she could bear, and that mother's little girl must comfort mother by being very good and sweet and helpful, particularly in respect to the dirty breakfast things. But Harriet chose to ignore the appeal. She allowed mother unaided to pile up the plates and gather together the knives and forks; and when, a few minutes later, mother returned from the kitchen with a tray, Harriet was lying under the table.

The defection cost her a pang. She knew that, given the opportunity, mother would pet and praise her, and say what a blessing she was. It was very nice to be a blessing; and mother was so dear and adorable, with her lovely olive skin and her eyes of tenderness, that she could not be resisted. Harriet, on the few occasions that she had tried to resist, had always finally surrendered with tears and contrite kisses: it was as if mother, by the very abundance of her love, levied tribute on this miraculous child of her middle-age. What could Harriet do but love the mother to whom she owed so much, the mother who fed and clothed her, played with her, told her stories, and slaved, for her sake and her sisters', to keep the home together? 'We'll have no secrets from each other, will we, Babs dear! I want to know everything, *everything*, that goes on in that funny little brown head of yours.' Mother loved her voraciously, and wished not to share her, even with Alice and Maud, still less with father, whose mysterious wickedness it was — violent temper, lack of ambition, love of idle hobbies and unproductive dreaming — that threatened the home with disruption.

Harriet feared her father almost as much as she loved her mother. She hated him sometimes, on her mother's behalf, for his unkindness. Yet even in the love she owed, and diligently paid, to her mother, there was a lurking and unrecognized fear. Something deep within her shrank from the ultimate surrender, something struggled against being absorbed into that other and so powerful personality. In spite of the maternal edict, Harriet did withhold secrets: trivial, childish things, thoughts and hopes of less than gossamer substance; yet they were precious to her, the more so because they were intimately, inviolably, her very own. 'You're such a nice baby, I could gobble you up,' cried mother in her raptures; 'all your youth and freshness. They make *me* a child again, you little mousie!' And though it was great fun to be gobbled up with kisses, Harriet contrived to withhold her innermost treasure from the insatiable heart that laid siege to it.

Under the table she lay at peace, fancying herself a princess, the four table-legs the posts of a great, royal bed, and the underside of the table the dim purple canopy. Then she began playing the most secret and delicious of all her games, which she called Going Inside. Inside was her peculiar paradise. It was tingling, glowing, a riot of lovely colors in perpetual motion. It was a little wood where squirrels sat nibbling nuts on the green banks of a stream that trickled, with jewel clarity, over a pebbly bed; a region where, beyond time and space, the eternal fairy-tales mingled in spontaneous fantasy. It was fragrant to the nostrils, comforting to the palate, a refuge for the mind. It smelled of honeysuckle and pines and moist earth; it tasted like a precious stone. Mother had never been there.

From this country of the mind, after a few moments, Harriet was dragged back, abruptly, to a consideration of her father and his misdeeds; and as she pondered the mystery an adventurous impulse moved in her. Father was now, she guessed, in that little shed at the bottom of the garden which he called, to mother's disgust, his workroom: the

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place where, in idle moments, he carved and chipped and carpentered to his heart's content. She did not love father, because he did not deserve to be loved; but to-day the mystery of his personality excited her a little. She resolved, with a sudden intake of the breath, to visit the baffling creature in its own iniquitous den.

Father was at work with a long, flexible saw. He was red in the face, and emitting little grunts of exertion. Sometimes the saw, having reached the end of its outgoing journey, refused to be pulled back, and then the tapering end seemed like a ripple of steel-gray water. Father paused, mopped his brow, and flung a surprised glance at Harriet, who stood shyly in the door.

'Well, and what are you after?' His tone was uninviting.

Harriet hung her head. 'I don't know.'

'Did your mother send you with a message?'

'No,' said Harriet. 'I just wanted to see — Oh, father, what a lovely workhouse you've got!'

Father permitted himself to grin. 'You've seen it often enough before, have n't you?'

'I have n't *really*, you know,' explained Harriet. 'I've just sort of looked a tiny peep; that's all.'

'You're sure your mother did n't send you?' said father, suspicion reappearing in his eye.

'Trufa-nonna!' declared Harriet, earnestly. 'I just thought I'd look you up, don't you see.'

Father laughed. 'You're a rum child. Want to see what's going on, eh?'

Harriet nodded. 'What are you making, father?'

'Making nothing at present. Sawing up planks for use later on. But I made something this morning. Like to see?'

'Yes, please,' answered Harriet, dissembling her delight.

'But it's a secret, mind!'

It did n't seem to matter, after all, that she did not love father. This warm comfortable feeling inside her was so much better than love. Here was father, that bad man, about to tell her a secret. That was a thing that mother had never done. Mother extracted confidences, but never gave them. This was different, this new experience, and much more exciting. Father, knowing nothing of commerce, was unbosoming himself without demanding anything. Harriet was enchanted by his curtness, his casualness, his man-to-man air.

'It's a little thing I've invented,' said father, with engaging vanity. 'A mangle, you see. You clamp it down to the kitchen table with these two screws; and this roller travels over the board and back again, squeezing the clothes dry. See? All you have to do is to turn this handle.'

'Oo!' cried Harriet. And she added, with her most ladylike and adult air: 'Did you make it all this morning, every teeny bit of it?'

'Well, no,' admitted the inventor. 'Not exactly all. I had the roller done yesterday, and the board partly done. But I ribbed the board this morning, and fitted the whole thing together. Got up three hours earlier so's to get it done before breakfast. It was to be a surprise, don't you see.'

Magic phrase! 'A surprise. Who for? For mother?'

Father shrugged his shoulders. 'It's here when she wants it.'

Harriet understood; but she remained silent, nodding wisely.

'I suppose,' she ventured, 'you could n't make something for me, could you? You have n't time, I expect.'

Father's queer smile gave her courage to be more explicit.

'I do so want something. It is n't a very big thing.'

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'Well, what is it?' demanded father, gruffly, becoming very busy with the saw once more.

'Only a baker's cart,' pleaded Harriet. 'Is it very hard to make a baker's cart?'

'Baker's cart!' said father, with unashamed conceit. 'Easiest thing in the world, a baker's cart is. You watch, my dear!'

He strode over to his scrap-heap, hovered for a moment in contemplation, and then pounced on some pieces of wood. 'Now, here we are. Let's get to work with the fret saw.' He got to work with the fret saw, and with a hammer and tiny tin-tacks. 'There you are — there's the beginning of your cart! Nice high cart bakers live in, with big yellow wheels, or do you prefer green wheels?'

'Red wheels,' said Harriet.

'Red as blood,' agreed father, in his excitement. 'And now we'll make a partition here, and a dropboard fastened up with hooks and eyes like all the best dropboards. . . . Now that little place is where the loaves go, see.'

'Oo, the loaves!'

'Quite so. *Oo, the loaves* is what the baker calls out; at least, ours does. He calls out just as he jumps off the step of his cart. Now, where shall we find something for a step? Two steps, in fact. One each side.'

'And wheels? What are we going to make the wheels of?'

But father had already cut out two circular discs of thin wood.

'But they must have spokes!' objected Harriet.

'A very fair criticism,' admitted father. 'Spokes they shall have. We arrive at spokes by a process of elimination. Thus!' He sketched out the spokes with his stump of fat pencil — that fascinating pencil! — and again set to work with the fret saw.

Harriet began to dance up and down, clapping her hands, as the baker's cart took shape before her eyes. Her slim, black-stockinged legs twinkled as she darted to and fro amid the litter of carpentry. These outbursts were rare: lyrical and irrepressible. For the most part she stood in speechless rapture, large eyes shining with joy from the peaked, elfish face.

'After lunch, a coat of paint,' said father, gazing at his creation with pardonable satisfaction.

Mother stood in the doorway of the shed. She was displeased.

'Harriet! I've been looking for you everywhere. What are you doing here, hindering your father in his work?'

'Only just watching, mother.'

'Well, run along now and get your things on. I'm going to visit the Cottage Hospital. There's just time before lunch. You'd like to come with me, would n't you, darling?'

'Yes,' said Harriet, without enthusiasm.

On the way into the house mother asked: 'What is that new toy you've got there, dear? Show mother.'

Harriet's fist reluctantly yielded up its treasure. 'A baker's cart.'

'A baker's cart. Are n't you getting a little too old for baker's carts, Harriet? Where did you get it?'

'Father made it for me.'

'Indeed!' Mother's tone was chillier than ever. 'Be quick and get your boots buttoned up, my child.'

On the way to the Cottage Hospital, to which every few weeks it was mother's habit to take a basket of bounty, she talked to Harriet about the duty of kindness to those less fortunately circumstanced than ourselves. 'We're going to see those poor little orphans, Harriet. You remember?'

Harriet remembered.

'Just a few dainties I'm taking them," said mother, blithely. 'It will give them so much pleasure!'



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Harriet agreed, her eyes moistening.

'Now is n't there any little thing you'd like to give?' said mother, persuasively. 'There's poor Tommy Fish, who had that dreadful operation and will never be able to walk again. Think what that means, Harriet.'

Harriet, clutching her mother's hand, trotted along in dumb distress.

'It would be nice to brighten the little fellow's life, would n't it, dear, if only for a day or two?'

'Oh, mother,' said Harriet. 'Shall I go back and fetch my Noah's Ark? I'm too old for that now, are n't I?'

'Yes, dear. But it's not very kind to give away only the things we don't want ourselves, is it?'

Harriet grew red with shame. 'What shall I give him, mother?'

'I don't want to influence you,' said mother. 'It is for you to decide. A real sacrifice. If you feel you can. Now, if I were you — there's this pretty little baker's cart.'

'But that's at home,' said Harriet, quickly.

Mother produced the baker's cart from her muff. 'No, dear. Here it is.'

'Oh dear, he can't have that! He shan't!'

'A poor little orphan, Harriet.'

Harriet whimpered. 'I want it myself. I do. I've wanted it a long time. I don't believe Him above will mind me keeping it. I've got so many other things that I would n't miss. And Tommy Fish'd like them just as well.'

'It's not only Tommy I'm thinking of, darling. It's you, too. It is more blessed to give, you know — But of course I shan't force you.'

Resentment, anger, fear, and despair: these in turn were Harriet's dominant emotions as they finished their walk to the Cottage Hospital. Admitted to the convalescent ward, mother distributed her gifts, going from bed to bed like an angel of mercy. Finally she paused at the foot of a bed where a pale-faced urchin lay stretched on his back grinning gallantly whenever a visitor addressed him.

'Here's Tommy Fish,' said mother. 'How are you this morning, Tommy?'

Tommy's boast of being much better this morning was cut short by pain.

Harriet's lip quivered. She turned away her face and nudged her mother. 'Give it to him, please, mother.'

'Are you quite sure — ' began mother.

'Yes. I want him to have it.' A moment ago Harriet had hated Tommy Fish. But now she burned with hatred for something else, she knew not what, some shadowy thing that had made irony of the boy's cheerful answer.

'Tommy, my Harriet has brought you something. Just a little toy.'

Harriet hid her flaming face during this ceremony. She wanted nothing but release from this house of torment.

To step into the open air again was like waking from an evil dream. Mother was still talkative, though subdued. As they entered the house she asked: 'Are you glad, dear, or sorry that you parted with your little cart?'

'Glad,' whispered Harriet.

'That's right.' Harriet's mother was moved, perhaps by compunction. Her voice trembled a little.

'Tommy Fish is an orphan, is n't he, mother? That means he has n't got a father, does n't it?'

'Yes, dear. No mother or father.'

'Oh,' cried Harriet, 'I'm so glad he had my baker's cart. 'Cause I've still got father, have n't I?'

Mother's face flamed, and paled as swiftly. She clenched her hands, and her eyes faltered as they strove to meet the innocent gaze of Harriet. She knew herself defeated.

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# STRINDBERG'S SECOND MARRIAGE

BY MARIE UHL

From *Prager Tagblatt, February 26*
(GERMAN-CZECH DAILY)

A SWEDISH journal is publishing, in a series of articles, the personal recollections of Frau Hofratin Marie Uhl, the mother of August Strindberg's second wife. The outward circumstances of this marriage — with regard to which the recollections of the mother-in-law, who is now an old lady of eighty, leave nothing of historical importance concealed — were outlined by Strindberg's Swedish biographer, Erik Hedin, about as follows: After his separation from his first wife in 1891, Strindberg fell in love with the Austrian painter, Frida Uhl, in Berlin, sometime during the spring of 1893, married her in Helgoland, and went with her to London, where he left her in July to take care of arrangements for the production of his plays, while he himself spent some time at Hamburg and Rügen, after which, in the autumn, he went to visit his parents-in-law, whom he had never met, at Mondsee near Salzburg. After husband and wife had rejoined each other in Berlin, he went to see his maternal grandparents at Ardagger on the Danube, where he remained until August 1894, and then went on to Paris, where the marriage came to an end.

Frau Marie Uhl's story occasionally varies from the received account in dates, but it also contains numerous incidents and personal touches that round out in a very welcome and entirely credible manner the picture of Strindberg's character that we have hitherto possessed. For all their prosaic disillusion, these recollections indicate no antipathy to Strindberg of any kind: 'In spite of all the disturbance and sorrow that he caused us, we liked him for his gentle and lovable disposition. It was with great regret and disappointment that we found ourselves compelled to break off relations with him, and my daughter Frida — though she, likewise, consented to the separation — loved him as much when they parted as in the first hour of their meeting.'

The couple had scarcely arrived in London when the first shadow fell upon their marriage. The young wife spent the night of her wedding alone in despair, anxiety, and sorrow, for Strindberg had suddenly vanished. When he reappeared next day, he explained that he had deserted her in a sudden outbreak of jealousy, because he had seen her write a letter that evening, which he felt sure must have something to do with another man, whereas in reality it was to her mother, and its contents consisted chiefly of her love for Strindberg. After a few harmonious weeks, Strindberg disappeared again; then, after a short stay 'on an island away from London,' — in other words, Rügen, — a couple of curt lines announced to his parents-in-law his arrival in Mondsee. Here again, after a few days, Strindberg's melancholia and his fantastic ideas broke through the agreeable and pleasant qualities of his nature. He distrusted everything and everyone, and suspected all mankind of the most incredible baseness. In the grip of such an impression, he left his mother-in-law suddenly one day while they were out walking, only to reappear



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at the villa that evening with his equanimity apparently restored. One evening — after having annoyed and distressed his father-in-law, who was extremely nervous in consequence of a wound received in a duel — he disappeared again. His hat was found on the shore of the lake, his cane in another place, and his overcoat in still another. Half the town turned out to hunt for him, and his wife's parents endured torments of anxiety until they received from Strindberg himself the joyful tidings that he was in Salzburg, where he had run across some good friends, with whom he had been spending the time pleasantly and from whom he had secured financial help. He asked them to send him the necessary articles for the journey, as he wished to join his wife, who was coming from London. He had tramped the twenty-five kilometres from Mondsee to Salzburg bareheaded, without an overcoat and without any money.

As he himself had already said, it was impossible for him to stay in the same place more than six weeks at most. Then an irresistible power drove him somewhere else.

After Strindberg rejoined his wife in Germany, they arrived unannounced in Dornach, where Frau Strindberg's grandparents had meantime settled. There was great rejoicing over the reunion. Strindberg and his wife took for their quarters the whole ground-floor of the castle, ten rooms in all, where Strindberg set up an alchemist's workshop, hoping to fill his continuously empty purse by manufacturing gold, so that he should be able to carry on his suit against his publishers. When he went out for his walks, he used to carry a bundle of little pieces of paper with which he would skim off the iridescent scum of stagnant pools so that he might make gold out of it later on. Half of their living-rooms were filled with retorts, crucibles, chemicals, and kilns — all this at the expense of his father-in-law, including the chemicals which Strindberg bought from the apothecary, as well as the books and technical journals sent him from all the principal countries.

At this time he used to allow his persecution mania to express itself in a manner that was often perfectly extraordinary. An innocent newspaper-note with regard to disturbances which had broken out in Vienna sent him into a frenzy lest people should ascribe the instigation of it to him. At table he would decline soup suspiciously, insisting that everybody must know that he never wanted any, and then next day, when he was not served with this course, he would promptly take offense at the fact. In an outburst of suspicion he once let drive a brass-bound prayer-book at the head of the country servant-girl, and another time he locked himself in the bathroom, where he was found only after a long search. Standing, fully clothed, in the bathtub, he set up such a wild and furious stamping that the astounded family expected to hear a shot the next moment.

His recurring outbreaks of furious jealousy banned every man from anywhere in the vicinity of his wife, so that eventually the only male servant that the pair could have was a toothless old coachman of appalling ugliness. At other times he would make up his mind that he was afflicted with various diseases and demand a physician. When the doctor, having after examination found him in perfect health, explained this reassuring fact to the distressed family, the bed-fast 'patient' — who had in the meantime got up and listened behind the door — strode gravely into the living-room, his head and breast so thoroughly covered up with a big shawl that only a tiny bit of face could be seen, the rest of his body clothed solely

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in pajamas, and declared in resounding tones that he was a sick man all the same. At four o'clock in the morning the gardener beheld him, clothed in the same remarkable garments, strolling in a meadow.

He had a notion that he was followed by an African or a Pole, and he never lost the fear of being poisoned. Nevertheless, when other people were sick, he always recommended such radical means as constant drenching with cold water.

Finally a little house was built for the young pair where they could live alone, though near the castle, under the care of the old coachman. In 1894 the only child of this marriage, the daughter Kersti, was born in Dornach. Strindberg, though he loved the little girl dearly, could find no time to devote to her and left her training entirely to the mother and other relatives. He seems also to have formed a habit of disappearing into various nooks, waiting till his wife hunted him up, and then indulging in furious scenes of jealousy, in one of which he went so far as to have the whole house searched by the police and the fire departments in order to detect concealed men.

When he was no longer received as a guest in Dornach, he appeared unexpectedly and installed himself at the hotel. Having met little Kersti by chance on a walk with her nurse, he sent word through her, overjoyed at the reunion, to ask whether he might visit the family. He was received again, as usual, on the most cordial terms, and given the most comfortable quarters, but chance roused his melancholia to an extent which led to a definite break. The organist from the near-by village of Saxen, who had come to pay a call, seemed to Strindberg to be the imaginary African or Pole who had haunted him all his life long, and in order to prevent his supposed murderous attempt Strindberg armed himself constantly with a big bowie-knife which he insisted on brandishing before the appalled members of the family. His fear of being poisoned also returned, and he would often exchange his own plate for this reason with little Kersti, thinking that hers would be less dangerous.

One day Strindberg disappeared and bolted himself in his room. Unable to hear the least sound from within, the family feared that he had killed himself, and the door was broken in. Strindberg lay stiff and motionless on the bed, clothed in black, with his feet cocked up on a pillow. To the anxious question as to what had happened, he replied in a hollow voice: 'I'm dead.' In spite of general astonishment, everyone tried to persuade him to come back to life, but Strindberg maintained that he had been murdered by a man who had broken into the room through the wall, and further insisted that Frau Marie Uhl's sister had helped him. He demanded that the burgomaster and the gendarmes should be called in at once in order to draw up a protocol of the affair. Instead a telegram was sent to Hofrat Uhl in Vienna to arrange for an attendant and for Strindberg's reception in a sanatorium.

This incident, as well as Strindberg's demands for financial help from his parents-in-law, led them to make up their minds to insist on a separation. Money was provided for his journey home, and he was sent away with genuine regret. He was even accompanied to the station, and Frau Marie Uhl promised him to write, a promise that led to an almost daily correspondence, in which Strindberg did his share, and which lasted for three years. These letters from Strindberg to Frau Marie Uhl, which she kept for a long time in Dornach, disappeared one day, given, as she supposed, by her daughter into the safe keeping of a former domestic, a

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farmer's wife. It is believed that Frida Uhl's daughter in later years discovered them in Vienna.

The old lady's concluding observation is worth repeating, though it betrays the distance which separated her from that strange creature, her former son-in-law:—

'My sister and I have often wondered whether these dramatic, though often merely theatrical, incidents were not less the expression of an occasional mental abnormality than scenes deliberately contrived in order to get a good effect or even to try out the impression produced on the public — that is, to study the way these scenes moved us. It is hard to determine how much was fancy and how much was reality.'

## ON PASS-BOOKS

BY GEOFFREY HOWARD

From the *Cornhill Magazine, March*
(London Literary Monthly)

That some supernatural power records our daily actions in a volume which will one day be read over to us is a belief of almost universal credence, and one that throughout the ages has consoled the virtuous and given qualms to the wicked. That man must be very righteous, very hardened, or very dull who can face with equanimity the prospect of hearing the full recital of the story of his works and days; and if anyone be curious to know how he will comport himself when that dreadful hour arrives let him retire to his library, or his bed-sitting-room as the case may be, and, as a kind of rehearsal, read through his banker's pass-book.

The pass-book on earth is the pale counterpart of the Book of Judgment in Heaven. Even as we live and breathe, some clerk in Lombard Street or Mincing Lane has been performing, unbeknown to us, duties akin to those of the Recording Angel. We have flattered ourselves that we were generous, honest, and frugal, and all the while his clerkly hand has been writing down in that incriminating volume of vellum that we are wasteful, unscrupulous, and mean.

Wise men learn early in life to deceive themselves; it is a necessary art if we are to pass our days in any comfort. But how can the poor banker's customers do so in the face of this stark documentary evidence that thrusts itself so impudently under his nose?

Here stand recorded in black and white the sums which we have borrowed and failed to repay; our pitiful and scanty benefactions; the inadequate income that we have lied about and lived beyond; and, conspicuous above all, the disproportionate and wanton amounts of money which we have spent, to no good purpose, upon ourselves.

It is these last entries that give an honest man the keenest pangs of shame. 'Self,' he reads, five pounds on the

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twelfth of last month. Well, there were, no doubt, special circumstances that justified the outlay. But what is this? 'Self' again, and another three pounds on the fourteenth too? Impossible! Yet there it stands recorded. He is compelled to read on. 'Self,' the pitiless account continues; and yet another five pounds gone before the week was well out.

The terrible indictment for selfishness stretches out its endless length. And there, signed, endorsed, and preserved like exhibits at the Old Bailey, are the checks themselves to bring the charge home to the accused and make evasion on his part impossible. Faced by a pass-book, it is best for the wretched fellow to own up at once, and make a clean breast of it. For months he has been living beyond his means. He is a spendthrift who spends without result or enjoyment — a prodigal for whom no fatted calf has ever been killed.

But it is not of selfishness only that we stand convicted when a pass-book has to be read. These volumes are really little diaries, compiled by an impartial hand, and setting out with minute particularity our natures, our vices, our daily pursuits. After all, there is no more searching test of a man than to examine the way he spends his money. It may flatter him, for example, to believe that he is of a bookish, abstemious disposition. If so, let him study his pass-book and see how far the entries bear out that belief. In the course of a month how large a sum has gone to improve his library, and how much to enrich his cellar? With that written evidence before him, let him, by a cold, impersonal process of inference, draw a character-study of the man whose life, tastes, and habits it records.

Is he pious, charitable, abstemious, and given to good works? Or is he a trifler, a glutton, a winebibber, and an ignoramus? The figures and the hard logic applied to them will furnish the answer.

Let him read the oracle, and recognize with a sigh that the character which it depicts is his own.

If these be the emotions which a plain, honest man will feel when he reads his pass-book through, what must be the state of mind of those who, day by day, compile them? Is it not natural that their opinion of human nature should be low, and they themselves the most cynical of all mankind? Judge Jeffreys used to encourage those who came before him to be tried, and induce a proper frame of mind in the jury, by pointing at the dock and asking out loud whether such a villainous array of faces had ever been witnessed before. I point to the faces behind the bank counter and ask the same question. Is there any class of man with looks so villainous, so knowing, so wearily disillusioned as cashiers and bank clerks?

No doubt they are worn out early by the excitement of their days. It is commonly supposed that the life of those who labor in a bank is a dull one. This surely is a great error. To a man who loves money — and who does not? — it must be enthralling to handle, though he can but seldom appropriate, those portentous quantities of specie every day; to crackle huge bundles of notes between his fingers; to shovel out gold pieces for all the world as though they were so much sand; to deal with silver and copper by the bagful as though they were the spoils of Ali Baba; to sell sovereigns by weight, there being no time to count them; and to act, in a word, as a croupier in one of our great casinos of Commerce.

But this is the least of their pleasures. There is no task to which men and women devote more time and

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thought, there is no subject which they debate more keenly, than the assessment of their neighbors' incomes. To bank clerks this is not a matter of conjecture, but of positive knowledge. They know the means of their customers to a farthing, and from those spectacled eyes no secrets are hid. To them the dullest stroll in a street where they can meet their clients must be pregnant with delightful comedy. Here, on the one hand, with head erect and wearing faultless clothes, walks a man reputed to be fabulously rich, yet whose estate is, to their knowledge, heavily mortgaged, and his current account irreparably overdrawn. Yonder, on the other hand, a little wizened figure shuffles along, pitied for his poverty, yet able, as they alone are aware, to buy up half the town without serious inconvenience.

They know precisely the yearly earnings and the occasional acts of conversion of Jones the solicitor, the dowry of Miss Brown, the amount which Moses the money-lender has advanced to Mr. Smith, and the name of the skeleton in the cupboard which is eating away the substance of the Robinsons. How can they feel dull who, without performing the duties or enduring the hardships of a priest, know secrets more intimate than those which ordinarily pass through the grating of the confessional?

There is no one I admire so much as the man who can be jaunty in a bank. Such men, though rare, are to be found. They are not embarrassed in the presence of omniscience. They are, as the saying goes, 'terribly at their ease in Zion.' Even when desperately impecunious they treat a banker as though he were no more than an ordinary human being, and bid the clerk inform them of the state of their precarious accounts with the air of a master giving orders to a servant.

Such men move through all the intricacies of the business of returned checks, irregular endorsements, and unenforceable guaranties with an easy, unabashed assurance, and amaze even the clerks themselves by their knowledge of the requirements of the Statute of Frauds and the provisions of the Bills of Exchange Acts. 'Clerk,' they seem to say, 'try none of your tricks on *me*. I know all about the law on this matter, and am as well aware as you are that the relationship of banker and customer is merely that of creditor and debtor. For months you have owed me money. Now I owe you some, and with the aid of Heaven I intend to owe you a little more. Give me at once a hundred pounds in gold.'

Nothing can stop these fellows save the icy hand of death itself. Should a bank dishonor one of their worthless checks, they cause a writ to issue for libel or negligence or what not, and recover at the hands of judge and jury slashing damages, together with the costs of the action. Arrayed in white spats and flaunting a gardenia, they are never without an abundance of mysterious money in their lifetime, and die most gloriously insolvent; while we others — poor, shuffling fellows, with no audacity and a sneaking desire to make both ends meet — are sent peremptory reminders when our accounts show signs of failing health, and receive not a penny more from the bank than we have been at pains to deposit there beforehand.

Often, as I have sat frowning over my depressing little pass-book, with its meagre credit and its slightly larger debit items, I have felt a pang of envy for those giants of finance who contrive to be rich without wealth, and to draw and spend vast sums of money annually without going through the tiresome formality of earning an income. In such a mood I have felt a longing to

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open their pass-books and read the mysterious contents. Certain it is that I should not understand them, but the sight would, none the less, be impressive.

To turn to such pass-books after mine would be like reading a collection of neo-futuristic vers libres after a volume of Gay's *Fables*. In mine the payments out would overtake the payments in with the neat regularity of the octosyllabic couplet. In theirs all would be darkness, chaos, and deliberate mystification. Ink of many colors would, I fancy, be employed. The green would cross the red; the black would blend with the violet. The pages would swarm with slashing cross-entries. There would be a hum of non-existent transactions. Fantastic and fictitious sums would tower and collapse, while on every hand there would be such a flying of kites as may be seen at Wimbledon Common on a windy day. And unnoticed amid the general confusion would run the little trickling stream of cash, cash, cash, for the customer.

To men of this mould a pass-book must provide light and amusing reading for the leisure hour. The ordinary man, I repeat, will read it seldom, and then with sorrow. As far as I am aware, nobody has written of the pleasures of a pass-book, not even those authors who can only write of the books of other men. In tackling that evergreen problem, 'What six books should I take with me to a desert island?' no one has ever suggested taking his pass-book as a companion to the plays of Shakespeare, the Bible, and those other works which men admire, and in the main omit to read. It is never put forward as one of those books without which no gentleman's library is complete.

Perhaps men of letters have not written about it because, owing to the peculiar circumstances of their craft, they do not like to think about it.

Be this as it may, a pass-book is emphatically one to be recommended to the general reader. He will find therein a demonstration of the weakness of human resolves and the vanity of human wishes. It will leave him breathless from start to finish. Rightly understood, it is emblematic of that brief transaction called Life, which opens with a tiny credit, and ends when Death, the banker, notifies us that we are overdrawn, and abruptly bids us take our account elsewhere.

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# A PAGE OF VERSE

## SNOW

BY ENA LIMEBEER

[*To a Proud Phantom*]

Cover up everything, O thou white snow.
Not a green leaf! Not a green leaf!
Cover the stones, O white, white snow,
In the brown bright paths where the people go.

Cover the yew and the cypress over.
Not a green bough! Not a green bough!
Cover the moss, O white, white snow,
In the narrow green ways where the people go.

Cover the blossom-buds all the mound over.
Not a green leaf! Not a green leaf!
So shalt thou cover, O white, white snow,
Even her grief, her grief.

## SPRING IN PROVENCE, 1924

BY G. A. E.

[*Morning Post*]

'T is a dusty course that the old road follows,
Straight by the ruins of Monmajour
To cypress sighing in hills and hollows,
Like broken lutes of a troubadour.
Rome rode here with a laureled forehead;
Under the piled white earth she sleeps;
They have torn the stone that her skill had quarried
To raise their abbeys and castle keeps.
Loud was the strife and the song of their doing,
Bishop and baron and commune and Crown;
Long was the tale of their wrongs accruing,
Castle and abbey are likewise down.
France of the lilies was here in splendor,
France of the Phrygian cap blood red,
France of the eagles, broke to render
Payment due for the blood she shed.
Long she looked to a brighter morrow;
Yet what was this to the time of tears?
What was this to the weight of sorrow
That was on the land in the latter years?
Spring, with the wide-flung orchards humming,
Sweeps her blossom on slope and plain,
Strives to dim with her own fair coming
Sorrow of old that is new again.



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### TAGALOG POETRY

THE *National Forum* of Manila prints a few samples of Tagalog poetry, highly moral ditties of the sort that would have delighted Rollo and his parents — if those excessively proper individuals had ever chanced to include Tagalog among their accomplishments. Thus

Ang dalagang magaso
Ay parang asin sa salero,
Ang dalagang magaslaw
Ay parang asing nahahanay,

— though it may sound like a steam-roller on an upgrade — is really as full of uplift as a Chautauqua lecture. It means

The girl who is a flirt
Is just like salt in the shaker;
The girl who is frolicsome,
Like salt ready to be eaten.

And if any modern Tagalog minx is so hard-hearted that she will not listen to *that*, why then, no doubt, the worried Tagalog mother reminds her of the moral conveyed by this improving little lyric: —

Ang dalagang nagpopormal
Sa kanyang kalagayan
Hindi pagpapahamakan
Ninomang walang pitagan.

Which means

The girl who behaves
As she should behave,
Is respected by all,
Even by the most daring.

If the Tagalog damsel is still recalcitrant, she can be crushed by the reminder that

Ang mahinhing dalaga,
Sa kilos nakikilala.

In other words —

The girl who is modest
Is by her actions known.

### KING GEORGE'S LEGS AND THE ROYAL ACADEMY

KING GEORGE'S legs are the chief attraction of this year's show at the Academy in London, where the royal portrait by Charles Sims, R.A., dwarfs everything else in the room where it is hung. If it were not so disrespectful, one would be tempted to call the royal legs bones of contention among the art critics of the imperial capital, for the artist, who has portrayed His Majesty in the resplendent robes of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, is accused by some critics of allowing the attractions of dazzling insignia and tightly fitting small-clothes to divert attention from the face, and permitting the sovereign's limbs to impress the eye of the beholder to the disadvantage of the rest of the picture. All concede that the portrait-painter has at least produced as expressive a pair of hands as have been seen in a long time, but there is no denying the prominence of the white-silk-encased royal extremities above the crimson carpet leading to the throne. In short, King George has been anatomized as no English ruler since the days of Charles I.

Sir Claude Phillips in the *Daily Telegraph* thinks the portrait a 'dazzling improvisation,' but alludes discreetly to the 'dexterous arrangement of the limbs,' thereby suggesting an acrobatic flavor which the picture by no means conveys. Frank Rutter calls it 'the most brilliant and decorative presentation of Royalty that we have seen in England since M. Benjamin Constant's famous portrait of Queen Victoria.' P. G. Konody, in the *Observer*, describes it as a 'fine decorative design' — which is about all Royalty can expect to be in days when it is no longer fashionable.



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John Sargent shows only one picture, a portrait of Sir Philip Sassoon, Bart, which Mr. Konody declares 'a searching and profound piece of portraiture, sober and dignified and magnificently constructed.' The portrait is not quite, however, in the traditional Sargent manner. Sir John Lavery shows a large canvas of the 'House of Commons, 1924,' with Mr. Ramsay MacDonald speaking and the usual litter of order papers prominent on the floor. Portraits of many members are readily recognizable in this picture, over which Sir Claude sighs, 'How dull, dreary, and altogether useless!' Sir William Orpen shows portraits of Viscount Wimborne, Viscount Milner, and John McCormack. Augustus John has a half-length of Princess Antoine Bibesco, wife of the Rumanian Minister to the United States.

Several critics profess to find a falling-off in the vigor of the modern movement revealed in the present show. 'The extreme modern movement has spent its force,' says Mr. Konody, 'and many of its leading champions have seen the wisdom of agreeing to a compromise likely to make their aims intelligible to a wider public than the small circle of their original supporters. This compromise means victory rather than defeat, for it is effected without the sacrifice of basic principles.'

Sir Claude Phillips echoes the opinion: 'A very noticeable feature this year is the almost total absence of post-impressionist, impressionist, and advanced art, to which the Academy, by way of experiment, had for the last few years opened its doors. We do not take this state of things to be the result of any deliberate exclusion by the official body, but rather of a radical change at the present moment in the public taste. For that the public has come to shrink from the eccentricities, however sincere in intention, of the ultramoderns there is little or no doubt. The inclination is now, rather, to worship the modernity of the past.'

There may be an economic motive for this restraint among the painters, for Mr. Konody hints that 'the potential picture-buyer, the prosperous business man,' is not without influence and is 'naturally disinclined to decorate his house with modern pictures that offend his untrained taste.'

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### A REVOLVING HOUSE

THE revolving stage, first brought to perfection in the Occident by German theatrical architects, has been put to nontheatrical uses to solve the housing-problem in Germany. By this ingenious device a single room is made to serve the purpose of three. The house consists chiefly of one large room. One side of this is occupied by the revolving stage, a large circular platform with a portion of its circumference projecting into the room.

This circular platform is divided into three parts by partitions radiating from the centre. In one of the compartments thus formed are the characteristic furnishings of a living-room, including divan, grand piano, and so forth, according to the taste of the occupant. In another is a dining-table, in another a bed, with a dressing-table and the ordinary fittings of a bedroom. The rest of the single main room must be furnished in some 'neutral' fashion.

The occupant, getting out of bed in the morning, steps carefully off the revolving platform and presses a button. The stage revolves, carrying bed and dresser out of sight and bringing the breakfast table into view. Breakfast dispatched, the proud householder again takes the precaution of stepping off the platform and again presses the magic button. There is a creaking of machinery, a preliminary wobble or

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two, and his living-room heaves into sight.

There is no knowing as yet how popular this truly revolutionary conception in architecture may become. Neither is there any news of the fate of the man who forgets to step off the platform before pressing the button — perhaps because it is too horrible to contemplate.

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### OTTOKAR BŘEZINA, CZECH PHILOSOPHER

A CZECH journalist, writing in the *Prager Presse*, describes a visit to Ottokar Březina, the lyric poet and essayist whom his country regards as its profoundest philosopher. Březina has lived in retirement for the last twenty years, not addressing himself directly to the public, but conveying his views to the world outside through the agency of journalists and other writers who visit him from time to time. He lives on the first floor of a tenement house in a town in the southwest corner of Moravia, shut up with his books, mainly the philosophy of East and West, but with an astounding array of the poetry of many countries.

'Březina,' says his last visitor, 'believes in the spiritual community of the Slav nations, but he understands this to be an equal partnership. He does not believe, with the Russian Slavophils, that one nation should assume a Messianic rôle. He thinks that each should coöperate, each should contribute its special talent to the forwarding of the Slav idea and thus serve all humanity. You must have different voices in a choir to produce harmony.'

Although Březina is a philosopher, he does not despise the small events of life, and reaches many of his opinions by close study of the facts of every day, as well as hundreds of concrete incidents which he either observes or finds in the newspapers of his own and other countries. He reënforces philosophy with politics, economics, art, literature, science, and technology. He seeks a fruitful nationalism which has shaken itself loose from militarism.

His visitor gives the following penpicture of Březina: 'The poet-philosopher's features do not agree entirely with his portraits, none of which reproduces his features fully. Each shows one side of him only. His skull is arched. The hair is scant. Blue-gray eyes look out behind his glasses and his beard is gray. His face lights up when he speaks, and a slight smile, playing over his features, gives way now to an enlightened seriousness, again to a joyous laugh.'

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### FISH STORIES — AND OTHERS

EVEN the *Daily Herald*, the grimly serious London Labor newspaper, occasionally relaxes from its task of ushering in the new age and indulges in a chuckle. As, for instance, these Munchausen tales: —

A Texas farmer went a-fishing in a local river. The fish saw him coming, and — if we must believe one of last night's papers — took fright, scurried ashore, climbed up a tree, and had to be brought down with a gun.

When I read this to my friend, Captain Longchalk, he related a parallel incident which had befallen him in the African savannas. He was shooting elephants, when one of the herd, only slightly wounded, dived into the lake.

The captain hastily donned his waders and pursued the beast with a landing-net. But before he could effect his purpose, the maddened animal tore up with his trunk a great palm growing by the water, and, using it as a vaulting-pole, in a series of high jumps disappeared beyond the thickest of the forest.

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### IZAAK WALTON'S COTTAGE

IZAAK WALTON'S cottage at Shallowford, five miles from Stafford, has been

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restored and will in future be open to all anglers and literary folk who care to make pious pilgrimage to visit it. Walton left his cottage to the Corporation of Stafford, 'for the good and benefit of the saide towne.' Walton further stipulated in his will, a contemporary copy of which now reposes in the treasure-room of Harvard University, that a part of the rent was to be devoted to buying

Coles for some pore people, that shall most neide them, in the saide towne, the said coles to be delivered the last weike in Janewary, or in every first weike in Febrewary; I say then, because I take that time to be the hardest and most pinching times with pore people.

The cottage is little bigger than a match box. Its timbered ceilings are so low that tall visitors have to look out for their heads. Two or three strides take you clear across it and over into the back garden. The second story, with its sloping eaves, is reached by a crumbling staircase.

The Trust Committee came to the rescue of the cottage just in time. It had fallen into a grievous state of dilapidation, and another year or two would have made the work of renovation impossible. Four hundred pounds have so far been collected for a permanent fund, more than half from America and Australia, and it is hoped that various angling clubs will add to this comparatively small sum.

The walls of the cottage have been cut through in a number of places and little screens of glass have been fastened over the holes thus made, enabling the curious to observe its wattle-and-daub construction.

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GENERAL SAINT ANTHONY OF PADUA

THE *Universe*, an English Roman-Catholic Weekly, reprints — not without a twinkle — the following story, which is not included in the *Acta Sanctorum:* —

About four hundred years ago the Portuguese Viceroy of Brazil, following the example of his King after a brilliant victory, placed a Brazilian regiment under the patronage of Saint Anthony, awarding the gentle and illustrious Franciscan Saint the honorary title of colonel. The salary attached to the rank was duly paid to the Little Sisters of the Poor. Brazil, however, has now a frugal Minister of War who, partly from prejudice and partly from motives of economy, thinks that the honorary colonelship should be abolished, with the salary. He therefore laid the matter recently before the Prime Minister, who, after much anxious thought, solved the problem by issuing this communiqué: 'Colonel Saint Anthony of Padua, of the —— Regiment, having completed three centuries of service, is now gazetted General and placed on the retired list.' And — I am told — the Saint now heads the Army List.

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SEVEN-HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NAPLES

THE University of Naples, famous as the scene of the studies of Saint Thomas Aquinas, is celebrating this year the seven-hundredth anniversary of its founding. Seven hundred years ago its charter was granted by Peter de Vinca, Chancellor of the Emperor Frederick II. During the Middle Ages, when students wandered from one university to another, Naples drew scholars from all over Europe. To-day it is chiefly an Italian university, though the fame of the marine biological station is world-wide.

In recognition of the University's distinction in philosophy, the Fifth International Congress of Philosophy is to be held there this year, and on the 650th anniversary of the death of Aquinas, which coincides with the two-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Kant, Cardinal Mercier is to deliver an oration in the historic church San Domenico Maggiore, where Saint Thomas himself once lectured.

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# BOOKS ABROAD

**A Short History of International Intercourse,** by C. DeLisle Burns. London: George Allen & Unwin, 1924. 3*s.* 6*d.*

[*Public Opinion*]

MR. C. DELISLE BURNS has written a masterly little book which should be read by all those who seek to influence the public opinion of the world. For this book deals with the master-key of the world's most urgent problem — understanding between the nations. It should have the widest possible publicity. It should be a compulsory task for all editors, preachers, and teachers to read it, and no child should leave school who has not the A B C of this book quite clear in its mind. Its extraordinary lucidity — its inevitableness — makes it specially desirable for schools, for it supplements the ordinary history, and like a compass marks the course of human history — the history of civilization.

We are told that the history of civilization is a history of peace — that the history of peace is the history of the intercourse of nations; that the history of civilization is the history of man's outlook and man's emotions, not of man's possessions. We are warned, too, that 'the history of peace' must now be 'a race between catastrophe and education.'

Mr. Burns explains the purpose of this most arresting book, the full interest of which is by no means manifest in its severe title — *A Short History of International Intercourse.*

He says that the main reason why it is written is that 'there is no history which shows how far civilized life has arisen out of the peaceful coöperation between different peoples. Social history has now very largely replaced the old political history of battles and kings; but it has two defects: —

'First, it is nationalistic, so that the contributions to civilized life made by other races than ours seem to be only "foreign influences" acting upon a development which is predominantly local. Civilized life, like its components, — science, music, painting, commerce, and "manners," — is international if taken as a whole, although the people of one locality or another take the lead at any one time and in any one component of civilization.

'Secondly, social history tends to be too much a matter of "economics"; but commerce, manufacture, and "wealth" are merely instruments, quite meaningless if unconnected with the sciences and the arts. The history of civilization is mainly a history of man's outlook and man's emotions, not of man's possessions.'

This book, says Mr. Burns, 'is a history of peace, because peace is the name for the common cause of all this growth — namely, the transfer of ideas from one race to another. The flower of civilization grows in one locality or another; but it is fertilized by those who travel in body or mind. The history of peace is not indeed the whole of human history. Wars and revolutions are important and have sometimes promoted liberty or secured order.

**Chapters in Norwegian Literature,** by Illit Gröndahl and Ola Rankes. London: Gyldendal, 1924. 16*s.*

[*Saturday Review*]

MR. GRÖNDAHL is the lecturer in Norwegian at the University of London, and this handsome volume is the earliest public outcome of the Department of Scandinavian Studies started in Gower Street in 1918, and presided over until his death by the late lamented W. P. Ker, to whose memory the book is appropriately dedicated. The lectures here brought together are intended to form an introduction to the study of Norwegian literature, a subject by no means bounded, as some people vainly suppose, by Ibsen on the one side and Björnson on the other. Mr. Gröndahl begins with a study of Holberg, which is a tempting way of begging the question, since that great writer, although actually born in Norway, belongs entirely to Denmark in his work and influence. Indeed, it is not quite certain that historians of Norwegian literature have any right to start earlier than 1814, at the moment when Norway became an independent country. The accident of colonial birth, however, brings in Wessel, which is a convenience to critics.

Pure Norwegian literature opens with Henrik Wergeland who, long neglected and misunderstood, begins more and more to stand out as a great national figure. Mr. Gröndahl's estimate of this genuine, though turbid and feverish, poet is excellent, and has the additional merit of moderation. It does not encourage the willful eulogy now frequent among Norwegian writers, who do not hesitate to class Wergeland with Shelley, Goethe, and Tolstoi. (See Professor Collin's really preposterous claim on page 73 of the present volume.) At the same time the authors are scrupulously just to Welhaven, Wergeland's implacable enemy and rival, who was an admirable poet of the academic class. We are more than halfway through the volume before we reach the great twin-brethren, Björnson and Ibsen, who are adequately treated.

The chapter on the living writers of Norway, of whom Knut Hamsun is the most prominent,



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is brief but competent. The authors note, but do not explain, the almost entire disappearance of lyrical poetry from the Norwegian literature of the present century. The only lyrical writer of the least importance who has risen since Björnson is Niels Collett Vogt, who must be sixty years of age. The modern Norwegian is a realist who has no use for song.

**Patriotism and Endurance,** by Cardinal Mercier. Turnhout, Belgium: Brepols Establishments, 1924. 150*fr.*

[*Irish Statesman*]

THIS is a translation of the famous Pastoral Letter, Christmas 1914, illustrated in the Gothic style of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries by the Benedictine nuns of Maretret, from whom copies of this English edition can be procured with the thirty-five color plates of the édition de luxe. These illuminations are very rich, elaborate, and quaint, for the invasion of Belgium is treated as if it were mediæval history. Invaders and Belgians are all in mediæval dress, so that a symbolic character is given to the illuminations, which would be difficult to impart if the paintings had been realistic. The Pastoral Letter, which went over the world, is worthy of any rich setting. It is one of the glories of Belgian history, and all the piety and art of the Benedictine nuns have been spent in making a worthy setting for the great Cardinal's eloquence. No doubt there are many in Ireland who would wish to possess this volume, and it can be had either directly from St. Scholastica's, Maretret, Namur, Belgium, or Messrs. Mowbray, Margaret Street, London, W.

**Littérature flamande contemporaine,** by André de Ridder. Antwerp: Éditions Opdebeek, 1924.

[Georges Rency in *L'Indépendance Belge*]

HERE is an intelligent and honest book which can unhesitatingly be recommended to all those who wish to know — and what desire is more legitimate — exactly what Flemish literature is. M. André de Ridder edits an advanced review called *Sélection*. He writes French and Flemish with equal ease, and does not hesitate to employ the latter language to express his ideas, thereby defying the ukases of the uncompromising Flamingants.

Nevertheless, M. de Ridder in no wise conceals his ardent sympathies for Flanders, its language, customs, and traditions. He is profoundly and intensely of his own people and he regards it as great good fortune that the Flemish language has revived and become an instrument of beauty. Yet this intellectual *flamingantisme* makes him neither exclusive nor fanatical. It has a genuine originality. He is courageous enough to declare that such writers as Verhaeren, Rodenbach, Eekhoud, or Eiskamp are just as truly Flemish writers, even though they have written in French, as men like Gezelle, Buysse, or Streuvels, who have employed Flemish. The first seem to him to have deserved well from Flanders just as truly as the second. . . . I have one fault to find: he can find no room for a few characteristic selections which would have enabled his readers to form some idea of the style of the chief writers whom he studies.

**The Adventures of a Spy,** by Sir Robert Baden-Powell. London: Pearson, 1924. 3*s.* 6*d.*

[*Daily Telegraph*]

READERS of all sorts and kinds will welcome this enlarged edition of Sir Robert Baden-Powell's famous adventures in the wonderland of spies. The author shows very clearly the immense gulf that lies between the patriotic spy and the mere traitor who sells his country. Of the first he writes whole-heartedly: 'A good spy — no matter which country he serves — is of necessity a brave and valuable fellow.' Particularly interesting, in view of recent events, is the chapter devoted to the mistakes of the Germans, and to their preparations of emplacements, both in France and Belgium, prior to the war. In England, it seems, the network of German spies was busy before July 1914, while waiting for the long-planned landing on the coast of Yorkshire.

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## BOOKS MENTIONED

LIMEBEER, ENA. *To a Proud Phantom.* London: Hogarth Press, 1924. 3*s.* 6*d.*

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## NEW TRANSLATIONS

CATULLUS. *Poems.* Translated with an Introduction by J. F. Symons-Jeune. London: Heinemann, 1924. 7*s.* 6*d.*

MANZONI, ALESSANDRO. *The Betrothed.* New York: Macmillan, 1924.

STENDHAL. *La Vie de Henri Brulard, Le Rouge et le Noir, La Chartreuse de Parme.* Translation by C. K. Scott Moncrieff in progress. London: Chatto and Windus.

TURGENEV, IVAN S. *Plays.* Translated from the Russian by M. S. Mandell, with an introduction by William Lyon Phelps. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1924. $2.50.

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# Investors' Library

THE search for information on the part of individual investors is one of the encouraging ns of the times.

The *Living Age*, in connection with its Financial Advertising partment, wishes to encourage this by the publication of the owing list of booklets, which, it is believed, should prove eful to those readers who are concerned over the problems of estment of their surplus funds.

t is recommended that readers write directly to the invest- nt Houses, making request for such booklets as seem most ely to be useful, or for such information as the booklets may ggest. Our banker friends will be glad to be of service to *ing Age* readers.

**'Bonds and How to Buy Them,"** an interesting booklet merating the important features in securities with which estors should be familiar. Offered by Otis & Co., 216 perior Ave., N. E., Cleveland, Ohio.

**'How to Judge Southern Mortgage Bonds,"** giving the perience of a prominent mortgage house. Offered by Adair alty & Trust Company, 271 Healey Building, Atlanta, Ga.

**'The Straus Plan."** A new 16-page booklet explaining the an upon which the well-known Straus slogan "42 Years thout Loss to any Investor" was founded. Of much use to ose who are interested in real estate mortgage bond invest- nts. Offered by S. W. Straus & Company, 565 Fifth Avenue, w York City.

**'Monthly Investment Plan,"** financial independence rough the purchase of high-grade securities on a ten-payment an. An interesting and attractive booklet. Offered by H. M. llesby & Co., 208 So. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

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**'Systematic Savings Plan,"** a pamphlet which discusses e partial payment method of buying real estate mortgages. fered by Greenebaum Sons Bank & Trust Company, La Salle d Madison Streets, Chicago, Ill.

**'For Buyers of Bonds,"** an interesting booklet for buyers investment securities. It explains many of the facilities of a ge bond house, and describes the financing of nations, cities corporations. Offered by The National City Company, 55 all Street, New York.

**'Public Utility Bonds."** Brown Brothers & Company, 59 all Street, New York, have issued a circular of 30 of the better own public utility bonds, affording a wide variety for selec- n with yields ranging from 5.16% to 7%. Copies of this cir- ar will be sent on request.

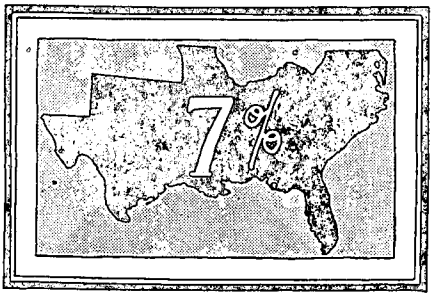
**Buying Investment Stocks.** *Living Age* readers may secure l information about the sale and purchase of investment cks by addressing Hornblower & Weeks, 60 Congress Street, ston, Mass., or 42 Broadway, New York City.

**'How to Select Safe Bonds,"** an instructive booklet scribing various kinds of bonds and what measures the in- stor may take to be sure of the safety of his funds. Offered by o. M. Forman & Company, 105 W. Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.

**Banking Service:** All forms of banking service, commercial, estment, and fiduciary, are rendered by the Continental & mmercial Banks. Full details will be furnished upon request. 3 South La Salle Street, Chicago.

**Constructive Investing:** A general discussion of investment icies which should be of real interest to investors. Offered by ody's Investors Service, 35 Nassau Street, New York City.

**'8% and Safety,"** a booklet explaining the reason for 8% urities based on improved real estate in Florida. Offered by e Filer-Cleveland Company, Miami, Fla.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